THE COMMONWEAL

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CONTENTS

The Calles Corral 567
Week by Week 569
Church and State Abroad 572
Cleansing the Courts 573
The Theatre at Ostia, I. . Harvey Wickham 574
Joy in Painting: Maurice Denis ..... Henry Longan Stuart 577
The Beatitudes and the Creed ..... MacKinley Helm 579
The Leper (*verse*) ..... T. C. Patterson 581
What of Our Diplomats? ..... William Franklin Sands 582
Corn Shocks in Moonlight (*verse*) ..... Glenn Ward Dresbach 582
Poems ..... Maud E. Uschold, Howard McKinley Corning, Monroe Heath, Arthur Wallace Peach, Joan Ramsay, J. R. Clemens 583
The Play ..... R. Dana Skinner 584
Books .... Cortlandt van Winkle, Patrick J. Temple, Thomas Walsh, George N. Shuster, Frederick H. Martens, Francis P. Donnelly, Virginia Annan Callery 586
The Quiet Corner 593

THE CALLES CORRAL

ALTHOUGH one knows that events of extraordinary significance are afoot in Mexico, it remains hopelessly impossible to form any impression of what is taking place. Before the alleged outbreaks of sedition in the federal army, the government had already decreed censorship of so complete a kind that nothing except the official communiqués have been available to American newspapers. These enable us to see clearly that an effort was made to remove from the field two military candidates for the Presidency, which office the administration has decreed shall go to General Obregon. One of these candidates—General Francisco Serrano—was executed, together with a number of his prominent supporters; and at any time word may come that General Arnulfo Gomez has met a like fate. Apparently there has been severe fighting, any man necessarily being aware, under the circumstances, that surrender would mean death. American public opinion, however, has no way of telling whether the alleged plot was genuine; whether there existed any actual danger that the Mexican army intended to throw off the Calles-Obregon leadership; or whether the government used a convenient pretext to nip in the bud an opposition which threatened to change the political complexion of the country. Relative to all such matters, one guess is as good as another.

Undeniable, however, is the fact that the ruthless governmental battling against internal opposition has gained steadily in intensity during the past year. The number of armed conflicts, executions, confiscations and gross abuses of tyrannical power has multiplied day in and day out, so that the reports brought back from the desolate land by observant spectators are appalling in their cumulative effect. Manifest to all must be the smoke-screen created by the Calles message to the Mexican Congress on September 1, which stated that the battles against opposition had been waged successfully, that relations between "the executive and the local powers have been characterized by an ambient of frankest harmony," and that "the religious conflict occasioned by the rebelliousness of the clergy may be said to have been concluded." We know also that, wherever public opinion has been able to express its views at all—even in the still extant newspapers or in the official pronouncements of Mexico's labor party, the C. R. O. M.—it has criticized as sharply as it dared the administration policy and has lamented the passing of democratic government.

Obviously it is necessary at this time to distinguish between varying kinds of antagonism to the government. General Gomez, it is true, made a bid for Catholic support by announcing his opposition to the

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reign of religious intolerance. He must not be regarded, however, as the standard-bearer of Catholic hopes. Those hopes are not based on the power of arms. The time has not been propitious for the building up of a party of opposition to persecution; and until such time comes, the Church in Mexico can expect to do nothing more than grasp whatever opportunity is afforded to resume its work. It could never be either right or expedient to couple the Faith with any specific form of military or political revolution—even though it has become obvious how little of toleration or justice is to be expected from the Calles party.

Bearing this distinction in mind, American public opinion necessarily remains aware of the very great danger to this country which revolution and repression in Mexico imply. The question is not merely one of financial investments, or of a resident citizenry entitled to protection. We may all be ready to sacrifice the huge sums derouted to the nation of Montezuma and Diaz in pursuance of a policy which averred that capital would "develop" industry and civilization, for the sake of preventing a costly war. We may wash our hands of the task of thinking through the implications of the Monroe Doctrine on the entire subject, preferring to trust the drift of events. But unless we have grown wholly supine and forgetful of democratic duty, we cannot throw off the burden of moral responsibility which rests solidly upon our shoulders. The support which we are actually giving to the Mexican government in ways some of which are profoundly concrete and practical, reposes upon the impression we formed as a nation of what seemed a beneficial and pacific line of conduct to pursue. Perhaps this impression was wrong. Perhaps it is responsible for the incalculable devastation that has lately taken place. Perhaps something else must be done, if ultimate catastrophe is to be avoided. Who among our statesmen or our directors of public opinion can dispel such "perhapses" with a succinct and satisfying statement?

Necessarily, therefore, American public opinion has not merely the right but even the duty to expect that those upon whom it relies for information will supply it with the facts. And it has been distressing to note with what inert indifference the American press has accepted the exile or the gagging of its correspondents, and has hastened to publish without comment whatever the Calles government offered it for consumption. Sometimes there can be advanced the legitimate excuse that it costs more to get news out of Mexico than that news is worth. At all events, this plea is worth more than the one advanced by the Chicago Tribune—that "news-story" value must tell, because it is this which sells papers. Reducing the Mexican situation to its dimensions as a struggle for religious faith, it seems difficult to imagine what Colonel McCormick and his aides, functioning in a Chicago that is so largely Catholic, conceive a news-story to be, if not the harrowing, dramatic record of tyrannical deeds and heroic martyrdoms in sequence, happening in a country separated from us by only a narrow river, and influenced by treaty agreements to which we, as a people, are party of the first part.

News! The editor of The Commonweal himself brought back from Rome a story which, independently of his own association with the matter, is quite unprecedented in character. Pope Pius XI, abandoning for the moment the official manner of speaking through encyclicals and allocutions, addressed to the press of the United States words which read, in part, as follows:

"Again and again the voice of the Pope has been raised both in solemn allocutions and encyclical letters to tell the truth about Mexico to the world; but the carefully laid plans of the persecutors of the Church have prevented it being heard by all in its entirety; indeed, sometimes it has not been understood at all.

"Nothing like this persecution has ever been known in history, not even in the first centuries of the Church. For then, even under Nero, Caligula and Domitian, there was no general persecution of private religion in homes, the catacombs or the cemeteries. But now in Mexico nothing that is Catholic is tolerated, not even the private celebration of the Mass and the administration of the sacraments, punishment for which has in many cases been the death penalty, and always fines, imprisonments and murderous outrages. . . .

"Notwithstanding their noble resistance—the admiration of ourselves, and of the whole world that knows the facts—this people of confessors and martyrs finds hardly a soul to respond to their cry for aid to save them from utter ruin, and to save all civilized nations, and indeed the whole human race, from the infamy of a savage persecution now being tolerated in the twentieth century, the boasted era of civilization and progress. If the whole press, the whole nation, of the United States can find an opportune remedy for this disastrous social catastrophe, it will merit glory in the history of civilization and religion."

This declaration, published by the New York Times of October 2, would seem to merit the earnest attention of all. If the infamy which the Holy Father describes is actually part of the conduct of the Mexican government, mankind, and particularly this free people of ours, cannot afford to ignore it; if, however, this infamy is really non-existent, or due to causes for which Catholics themselves are responsible, then also we all should be made to learn the truth. So far, however, the message from Rome has aroused no comment, has led to no searching of hearts or consciences. A universal silence has greeted it. Perhaps, as Colonel McCormick believes, we must cling to our notion of "news-story" at all costs. Perhaps also, the press and public opinion of our people have been compressed, through one does not know what forces, into the same corral which Calles has formed for the beliefs and liberties of his race.

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WEEK BY WEEK

THE formal reply of the State Department to the French "note on the tariff" of September 30 is being awaited with interest, not only in Washington and Paris, but in several other capitals. This was made plain by the reactions to the notice sent by the Treasury Department to its collectors of customs apprising them that certain American tariff rates must be raised to meet the increases made by France. This was promptly explained as a routine matter, which had no bearing on the conferences being conducted by the State Department with Ambassador Claudel and others; nevertheless, the newspapers that published the information also carried despatches from Berlin which showed that Germany was following with the deepest concern every step being taken. President Coolidge declares he is "keenly hurt" by the French attitude and moreover greatly surprised that it should have been taken at a time when relations between the two countries were exceptionally cordial. But it should be remembered that this question of tariff rates does not concern merely France and the United States. With the best will in the world to make concessions to this country, even without any privileges granted in return, France has to consider the effect on her relations with her nearer neighbors. Each of these will want what has been given to America—if anything is given—and the whole plan of reciprocal trade relations among the countries of Europe, which France has favored, must go by the board. The whole matter is complex enough to render the tariff a vital issue once more.

LAST week we advanced as a possibility the New York Times declaration that Colonel Roosevelt's keynote attack upon Governor Smith would be relayed to serious simpletons in other parts of the world. Ghastly though many New York Republican savants found the Colonel's references to "Smith and Sodom," it now appears that, following a conference with Chairman George K. Morris, the talkative scion of a noble house is to start out stumping and enlightening—the hinterlands. We believe that the opium traffic ought to be abolished; that the distribution of patent nostrums must be prevented; and that—for reasons very similar—some friendly autocrat ought to disinfect the Colonel. Governor Smith has his faults. He may be hopelessly wrong about many aspects of government. It is legitimate to oppose him. But after a man has ruled a great state for many years and proved his worth to the general satisfaction, it seems too bad that an old and illustrious party of the opposition can hit upon no other form of comment than to send a bad boy around making faces.

THERE comes to mind just now the Governor's 1926 message, in which, discussing the problem of housing, he ventured the following comment: "Let us make no mistake; housing is charged with a public use even more vitally than coal and electricity, or traction or transportation. It is one of the three necessities of civilized existence—food, clothing, and shelter." One is glad to compare these remarks with others made recently by Mr. E. J. Mehren, addressing the New York Building Congress. Mr. Mehren drew attention to the manner in which foreign industry is preparing to challenge United States supremacy, and averred that the cost of production is, and must be, based upon the computation of a "security wage." This involves taking into account the cost of housing, upon which one of the primary expenditures of the worker is based. "If home rents are abnormally high, salaries and wages must be raised proportionately, and the cost of goods goes up. If house rents are low, selling prices can be proportionately reasonable." One might argue from Mr. Mehren's conclusions that Governor Smith's attitude toward housing is not detrimental to industry, but actually helpful to it. We shall reserve discussion of the whole important issue brought up by Mr. Mehren's address until later.

WHILE it is difficult to grasp precisely what is meant by the "sectless church" organized recently by Protestant Chinese, one surmises that something like what we in this country term "community ecclesiasticism" has been set afoot. Native churchmen are to supervise all that is done, employing as they see fit the services and advice of alien missionaries. The experiment is interesting, for two reasons. First, disturbance within Chinese Protestantism was fomented by the charge that the missionaries were "nationalists,"

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bent upon introducing the aims and points of view of western nations into the Orient; yet the new "church" is about as nationalistic a creation as anyone could hope to find, eliminating as it does even the universal, historical aspects of sectarian Protestantism, and substituting a home-made conception of religion. Secondly, it is difficult to see how this artificially constructed "unity" is to survive. We understand that Dr. Cheng Ching Yi has been appointed a kind of supervisor of the project. His authority is wholly derivative from the "consent of the governed," however, and may at any time be undermined by an election or a secession of delegates to organize another "church." By comparison, the unity and solidarity of Catholicism in the Orient are strikingly evident, and cannot fail to make themselves felt. Catholics in China are of the nation and have the nation's interests at heart; but the authority they respect is supranational and unaffected by manufactured coalitions.

THROUGH the texture of President Coolidge's address to the Red Cross convention anent the work done to repair the ravages of the Mississippi flood, there gleams a certain peculiar conviction to which he has often given expression. No doubt he was right in praising the first-rate endeavor of the Red Cross and of the agencies with which it coöperated. Great numbers of people were rehabilitated, in a measure, seed was distributed and opportunities for getting credit were afforded. But why was all this burden transferred from the shoulders of government to an organization supported almost entirely by private beneficence? Why has there been no thorough-going analysis of the situation by a congressional committee? Because the President clings to the conservative principle that "the people" ought to do the majority of their jobs without utilizing their government, in order to avoid drifting toward "socialistic" methods and rules. He would not "encourage the weak in their weakness." Thus even here, face to face with one of the greatest calamities which have visited this nation in recent memory, there is made to emerge a debate on standards of government to which none of us can be indifferent. The Mississippi flood is a test case.

ON ONE particular we are glad to agree with Win the War: A Call to the Colors, issued by 75 "national leaders in the business and sociological world" in order to sandbag the prohibition levees. "We will oppose"—so runs their manifesto—"and vote against candidates in both parties whose promise is fair and dry, but whose official performance is wet." A conservative estimate has it that full 90 percent of prominent and elected legislators know how to stock their cellars. Judging from various accounts recently published by those associated with the enforcement service, an equally large proportion of the stern folk engaged in shutting off supplies make exception for their own persons. We will have none of these. Unless a man shall stand and say that his convictions are one with his practice, that his private attitude toward drought is the same as his public profession, we will renounce him and mark no cross beside his name. This practice, if it could be encouraged, would do more than anything else we can think of just now to promote honesty, public well-being and a respectful attitude toward good and sparkling wine.

IT IS not too early to remind everyone that American Education Week will be observed during the seven days following November 7. During recent seasons the schools have grown accustomed to the practice of stopping to codify their aims and methods; to consider the relationship between the class-room and real life; and to awaken in both parties to the enterprise a better consciousness of the educational process. Catholic institutions have gladly used the week to promote understanding of the great scholastic endeavor of the Church in America. The Department of Education of the National Catholic Welfare Conference has been of assistance in the matter of outlining an appropriate and effectual program. This year it publishes once again a detailed statement of topics to be discussed, together with sources of information that are trustworthy and evocative. The scope extends from a consideration of health to an analysis of religious education, and the slogans are such as ought to impress salutary principles upon many minds. "Talk to your non-Catholic neighbor about the reasons for the existence of religious schools in a democracy," is one recommendation deserving of especial attention.

PROBLEMS are always stalking the schools and giving them concern. In the domain of higher education, the continued "business success" of colleges and universities is a matter that troubles many. No higher institution worth its salt can afford to forget that training is entirely a matter of quality; and how can this remain paramount when the whole educational business is directed to quantity production? A survey of the eastern college district reveals the fact that almost every major college is forced to refuse something like 50 percent of those who apply for admission. In a few cases, the 2,000 welcomed represent only a meagre fraction of the total student body that might have been. What happens to the applicants frowned upon? They go to less advantageous, often to exceedingly helter-skelter, institutions where the work done is far below par. How vast an aftermath follows upon the heels of this procedure is indicated by the recent report of the American Historical Association. "The large universities," we are told, "are crowded with mediocre graduate students, many of whom cannot be taught the technique of research except with great difficulty. It is still more difficult, and often impossible, to inspire them with a passion for research." Once again a low average precludes the development of the exceptional.

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LAST week we referred in passing to the French "social week" observed recently at Nancy. Fuller reports of what took place there prove the wide interest now being taken by thinking people of both sexes and of all vocations in these annual discussions of contemporary circumstance. The French "week" differs from institutions of a similar kind primarily in that a certain important topic is selected for each of the meetings—an arresting problem which is then discussed by authorities of various sorts under headings determined upon in advance. Thus the record of the proceedings supplies an ample, first-rate dossier of information regarding the matter in hand. This year the topic was woman's place in society; and among the many who dealt with it were a number of capable women, including Leontine Zanta, whose examinations of the feminist movement have been so widely commended for their sanity and breadth. We cannot analyze all that was said and done at the "week," but must pause to admire the zest and thoroughness with which Frenchmen know how to dissect and study a problem. Their logic and their documentation, their eloquence and intellectual sincerity, are all admirable. How refreshing it would be to find ourselves, in these United States, growing to be more like them!

A TRIFLE more gloomy than Dean Inge, Dr. H. H. Sweet, secretary of the Education Committee of the Church South, told the audience which had assembled for the anniversary of historic Log College that less than one student in 100 is interested in the realities of religion. He declared that for almost all college men and women, "religion is something of a bygone age." Some exaggeration is involved in this summary, no doubt; but if things keep moving as they are now, the day must surely come when Dr. Sweet's will look like a moderate estimate. Our public educational system begins by squeezing every drop of Christian credence out of the curricular business. Its impartiality is the same as a gardener's might be who should proceed to display "openness of mind" toward a patch of potatoes by letting them severely alone. By the time the gentle youth or maiden is ripe for a green cap and a professor, faith is invisible by reason of the weeds which have grown up round it. We wish that Dr. Sweet had been bold enough to say all this openly —to declare in indubitable terms that the Protestant attitude toward public education has been wrong during more than a hundred years, and is wrong now. Fancy running after pert collegians with an unctuous little revival sermon, when all their lives their minds have been orientated away from religious training! Selling bank stocks in the Bowery hobo hotels would be a considerably easier occupation.

IN THIS connection it is meritorious to report that an industrious observer for the New York World has unearthed what looks like a case of belief in vampirism. A grave in a lonely, abandoned churchyard near a small Long Island village had been opened; a stake had been driven through what would be the breast of the corpse; and the perpetrators had left no sign behind them. Belief in vampires, formerly widespread in countries influenced by Scandinavian folklore, has grown extremely rare; and it has been a good many years since an instance was unearthed in the United States. Anyhow, our reporter goes on to say: "The vampire tradition is an old one, and should be unable to survive in an age of progress and invention such as this." We recommend this comment to Dr. Sweet, to whom it ought to explain many things. A hundred years of intensive education have persuaded us all that this is an age of progress and invention; that old traditions have nothing progressive or inventive about them; and that therefore they really cannot exist. Why should anyone worry about other criteria —differences between right and wrong, between truth and error, between inevitable, reasoned belief and superstition? Indeed, we have invented and progressed so much that, in spite of the ignorance of the educated regarding faith, we have accumulated a myriad superstitions which the antique Scandinavian would have considered very naïve, indeed. What would he have made of Mary Baker Eddy's promised return, or the views of Mr. Wells or Sir Arthur Conan Doyle?

ONE must suppose that the president of a certain Protestant college in the Middle-West forbade student marriages for higher and more serious reasons than a desire to keep the football team from disbanding prematurely. Nevertheless, brawny athletes have, of late, been swept to the altar in such numbers, purely by reason of their own power to please, that undoubtedly "some step must be taken." The ability of the strong man to touch the feminine heart is, though proverbial, often mistakenly considered a special characteristic of our own time. But how deeply human and permanent a force it is may be discerned, perhaps, from the following anecdote which we quote from Sarah Henry Benton's Life of William the Conqueror: "Although the method the Duke choose for his wooing, if we may believe the Chronique de Tours, was both novel and vigorous, and not seemingly calculated to win the affection of a reluctant maiden, it was successful. Going secretly to Bruges, where the Princess resided with her father, William waited one morning outside the church where she was attending Mass; and as Mathilde emerged from the door, William 'seized her, flung her into the mud, threw stones at her, overwhelmed her with blows, and then quickly remounting his horse, rode rapidly away.' Mathilde was taken home after this strange declaration of love, and 'ill and suffering though she was from the blows she had received, she declared to her father that she would never have any other as husband than William of Normandy.'" Even 1927 assuredly has nothing more captivating than this to offer.

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IN A curious interview given to George Silvester Viereck and published in a late issue of Liberty Magazine, the ex-kaiser affords intimate and in many ways pathetic glimpses of his personality. "Instead of ruling a nation, I plant my rhododendrons, conscious that here, too, I act in accordance with the Divine command," is a characteristic passage. Affirming the "triumph of the inner impulse over materialism," William II does indeed enunciate more impressively the convictions of Protestant mysticism than he ever could on the imperial throne. That he has believed in God, that he has striven to obey the Everlasting Will, no one who respects human testimony will deny. His was and is an individualistic, a markedly Old Testament, faith; but it is only by an erratic twist of the intellect that those who revel in the pagan pantheism of Richard Wagner can accuse the former kaiser of Wotanism. One ought to see in his story not so much the working-out of an incorrect attitude toward life, as the result of a too headstrong assumption of burdens no "inner voice" is sufficient to master. The Christian religion is not based on insight but upon revelation; the state is not the exercise of intuition, but the working out of law. In short, the ruler who commanded the greatest modern social organization was also an unrestrained individualist. The contrast is striking—one reason why the interview will be widely read and considered.

CHURCH AND STATE ABROAD

A PRESIDENTIAL forecast was sufficient to stir up in these United States a considerable amount of discussion about the relations existing between the Church and the state. All things considered, that discussion was interesting and fruitful because it brought to light many truths to which attention might otherwise never have been paid. On the other hand, it uncovered a great deal of ill-feeling toward and misunderstanding of the Church, which was always regrettable and sometimes quite unjustifiable. We note that something similar is happening now in Germany. Talk of a concordat between the Holy See and the Reich regarding the regulation of Catholic affairs in Prussia has called forth no end of comment and considerable protest. There are those who feel that an old Protestant state ought to enter into no bargains tending to recognize the existence of "Romanist" power. Others consider it impossible to accept the Vatican as being on a plane of political equality with the German state. Still others, finally, look upon the proposal as a step in the Catholic effort to "reconquer" Europe, and think of conquest in terms of political might rather than of spiritual influence. And so, though the discussion usually gets a little deeper than the famous controversy in the United States went, it envisages practically the same problems.

Dr. Hellpach, prominent liberal Protestant statesman and philosopher, believes that Rome's wish to establish a concordat is dictated by three motives: the desire to bring about the recognition of the Curia as a legitimate governmental power; the attempt to reëstablish the political claims of the Papacy; and the campaign to unify Catholic Europe politically. He feels that these motives indicate a certain narrowness of vision on the part of the Vatican, the only really effective "concordat" conceivable being the establishment of a modus vivendi between Catholic and Protestant Europe—church reunion, in other words. Replying to these remarks, Dr. Linneborn, Catholic priest and professor, emphasized clearly the distinction between the Church as a political power and as a spiritual authority operative as a "real factor" in the political world. Experience makes clear that those states which have established diplomatic relations with the Vatican or which have arrived at concordats with it, think of the Curia in the second, quite unexceptionable sense, not in the first.

The comment thus represented abounds in any number of German journals and periodicals, ranging all the way from mere ignorant prejudice to highly illuminating philosophic discussion. We may be pardoned for referring here to the unusually stimulating presentation of the subject which Dr. Alois Dempf, professor in the University of Bonn, contributed to a recent issue of Abendland. Arguing that the political views of the Church are based upon a doctrine of the state which sees the sanction of law and government in "natural" principle divinely established, he proceeded to point out how serviceable this doctrine, as held by German Catholics, had proved in the history of the nation. He then added:

"If the ethics of government held by Catholics are needed, then we cannot afford to make a holocaust of the foundations upon which that doctrine reposes—the belief in absolute norms of justice, in a law given by God. The loftiness of the sovereign state needs characters not diseased with 'materialism and eudaemonism, relativism and positivism,' who reverence the eternal law and freely assent to it as their own law. These men rightly ask for denominational schools. These schools do not rend asunder the unity of the German people; they serve the German character. Long since the cleavage between confessions has not been so serious as the gulf between positive religion and atheism, in all its forms. It is eminently necessary that positive Catholics and positive Protestants, solidly organized behind a common front of character, ward off the dangers of ethical, industrial and governmental materialism. To promote this community of purpose, Rome summoned all to join the kingdom of Christ. Its purpose assuredly was not to achieve the political unification of Europe in a Catholic sense through imperial governments and clerical parties. If the Protestants of the Continent and America join to 're-Christianize' the western world, Rome will not battle against them, even though, in accordance with its conception of its own sphere in world activity, it will perforce persistently remain apart."

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CLEANSING THE COURTS

THERE is something significant and stimulating in the fact that a movement having for its larger purpose the fuller protection, under the reign of law, of rich and poor, and the moral elevation of the whole community, should have been inaugurated in a town hall. There is something energizing as well as encouraging in the knowledge that, when such a truly American gathering met in the town hall of the largest of American cities to devise means of effecting certain reforms in legal procedure, and of abating certain abuses in legal practice, it should have had, as chairman, the president of the Association of Grand Jurors, and as chief speaker a leading member of the New York bar.

The Citizens' Committee for Bar and Law Reform has been formed to correct conditions which are particularly dangerous for all who have to defend negligence suits and claims. Among these are many corporations, public utilities companies and large business concerns. They are backing the movement frankly and openly; they are prepared to supply most of the funds necessary—probably $500,000—to finance a campaign which will be waged for at least five years. And, incidentally, in doing so, they are aiding the poor—the most tragic victims of the shyster lawyer and the attorney whose main reliance is on the contingent fee.

That a systematic and well-organized effort should be launched to reform conditions in law administration which the vast majority of lawyers deplore, is cause for congratulation. But if the evils of "strike suits" and abuse of legal process are dangers to both the legal profession and commercial concerns, they are still greater dangers to the moral health of the whole community. They are conceived in perjury and developed in subornation of perjury, not only in New York, but in every part of the country. The appalling manner in which God's name is taken in vain in the courts has shocked all who realize that these insults to the Deity bring in their wake peril to the property, and even to the person, of every citizen who lives and conducts his business enterprises under the protection of the law.

It is not surprising, therefore, that much preliminary work of an educative nature has been done to awaken the public to a realization of the situation which has to be corrected. Pulpit and press have combined to draw attention to its gravity and the threat to national life which it carries. This was made exceptionally clear in an address made by the Cardinal Archbishop of New York to the executive committee in charge of arrangements for the great Holy Name rally held last May. It has been the topic of scores of editorials in great secular dailies and leading religious weeklies. The New York Evening World and the Brooklyn Daily Eagle have conducted vigorous campaigns to quicken the public consciousness and compel reform; the Tablet, official organ of the Brooklyn diocese, has demanded that the Bar Association take cognizance of the dishonor which is being brought to a noble profession.

It is true that those in whose hands rests the decision to purge the bar of the practices that disgrace it have been cautious to the point of dilatoriness; but to suppose for an instant that the great body of lawyers does not support the demand for reform is to do them a grave injustice. A fact generally overlooked by those who criticize the profession as a whole for the sins of a few of its members, is that another of the learned professions is smirched in equally wholesale fashion by these very criticisms. For, if negligence suits breed perjured testimony, it should not be forgotten that the witness whose evidence is relied upon to support and confirm that of all other witnesses is the doctor. Yet to say that all doctors are dishonorable, because a few are patently reckless of their oath as experts, would be ridiculous. Nevertheless, it is a matter worthy of careful consideration that another truly noble profession should not be altogether free of stain in the deplorable condition which the Citizens' Committee is so rightly and commendably determined to change.

Some idea of the rapid spread of the evil which the Committee seeks to eliminate may be gained from a perusal of the report of the special calendar committee headed by Justice Victor J. Dowling, made to the appellate division of the Supreme Court on June 20. In referring to the unprecedented increase of litigation, and the consequent congestion of the courts, this report discloses that of the 1,461 cases added to the calendar of the New York Supreme Court in the month of April, 1,074 were negligence suits. A check of the City Court over a period of months showed that 84 percent of the cases on the general calendar were of the same nature, while in the Municipal Court these cases were increasing more rapidly than in either of the higher courts.

At the head of the executive committee which will work out details of the campaign which the Citizens' Committee will conduct is Dr. John M. Gibbons, general attorney of the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad. Associated with him are bankers and insurance executives, representatives of boards of trade and chambers of commerce and officers of organizations formed to check commercial frauds. Labor bodies have been prompt to see the importance of the movement and to offer hearty coöperation. Thomas J. Curtis, vice-president of the State Federation of Labor, is another member of Dr. Gibbons's executive committee.

Religious leaders of all denominations are actively working to gain the support of the public for the cause. Monsignor John L. Belford, of the Church of the Nativity, in Brooklyn, is one of its foremost champions, and the Federal Council of (Protestant) Churches has given it full endorsement.

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THE THEATRE AT OSTIA

I. THE RESTORATION

By HARVEY WICKHAM

(This is the first of two papers by Mr. Wickham to appear in The Commonweal on the recent re-opening—after sixteen centuries of inactivity—of the ancient Roman theatre at Ostia Excavations.—The Editors.)

THE restoration to dramatic use of a theatre which has lain, a half-buried ruin, for sixteen centuries, is an event not lightly to be passed over, even in these days when something important, or at least claiming importance, happens nearly every twenty-four hours.

I might say, especially in these days. For with the rapidity with which history seems to be making itself —a phenomenon perhaps more illusory than real, and due as much to the unprecedented thoroughness with which history in the making is now reported as to any actual quickening in the tempo of life itself—with this rapidity of change clamoring for attention all about us, we are in perpetual danger of yielding to the idea that the ties which link us with the past are less potent than was formerly supposed.

Even Catholics sometimes become Protestants in secular matters, when exposed to this barren, tumbleweed philosophy. For it is now the fashion to imagine fondly that we have at last succeeded in producing experimentally the spontaneous generation of ideas, customs, codes, cultures, works of art and other imponderables, notwithstanding the fact that recalcitrant matter still resists our efforts to bring it into being out of nothing.

The opening of an old theatre, therefore, may be of more than artistic interest, and become a veritable sermon in stones. When that theatre is the ancient Roman theatre at Ostia Scavi, the event takes on world-wide significance. For here the past speaks with no merely local accent, and here the voice of ancient paganism—so unlike that of neo-paganism, its supposed daughter—joins with the voice of the Church in preaching the divine continuity of life.

Ostia Scavi (Ostia Excavations, so called to distinguish it from the neighboring Ostia Marina, or modern Ostia-by-the-Sea) is an immense group of recently disinterred ruins rising in the midst of the historic campagna, about twenty miles due west of Rome. It was the first maritime colony of the eternal city, and being upon the banks of the Tiber but a short distance from the river's mouth (the Mediterranean shore has since receded several miles) it afforded a safe haven from which the early voyagers might set sail in search of power and fortune. It was thus the beginning of that assertion of territorial and naval dominion which made ready the way for the conquest of the world by the Cross. "Sentinella avanzata di Roma," it has been called, forerunner of the imperial glory of the Caesars. In its heyday it was a city of quite 100,000—Italians, Africans, merchants, navigators and state officials. The rich citizens of the capital, the emperors themselves, aided in its development. The Emperor Claudius even spent his holidays here.

"Ostia," says Professor Guido Calza, one of the archaeologists to whom its restoration is due, "reflected the life of ancient Rome, both as to its trials and its triumphs, more closely than did any other city, not even excepting Pompeii." It thus became a place of great magnificence, with palaces of marble, a great public square, and all that lavish adornment in chiseled stone which pagan Rome knew so well how to bestow upon her favorite children.

Today one reaches it over a level highway winding across the plain, only a screen of shade trees coming between the traveler's eyes and the campagna's lovely and eloquent desolation—by that, or by the electric railway between Rome and Ostia Marina, opened but last year—"first gift of the Fascisti to New Italy."

Arrived at Ostia Scavi itself, one walks northward for perhaps a quarter of a mile along the Decumano Massimo, or principal thoroughfare, a wide street roughly paved with large, stone blocks, many of which still bear the marks of ancient wheeled traffic. The Decumano was once flanked by the sculptured porches of imposing public and private buildings. All that remains now, save a single, upstanding block of beautifully carved white marble representing a female figure with folded wings, are the brick foundations, wonderfully preserved, as archaeologists understand preservation, but speaking to the unscholarly eye only of ruin and vandalism and the lapse of ages.

Certainly none of the trials of the mother city were spared the daughter. Ostia, too, had to contend with wars and earthquakes, with barbarians and those yet more ruthless "searchers for building stone," the ambitious nobles of mediaeval Rome, who, when not busy harassing the Papacy, were eagerly employed in destroying temples and other art-works, that their own palaces and monuments might arise to attest their pretensions to temporal power. It is well to remember that no vandals ever lived in the Vatican.

But despite its spoliation, the spirit of old Ostia still broods, melancholy but not without hope, over the site of its ancient splendor. When I was there for the opening of the theatre (the festival extended from May 28 to June 8) the poppies—those blood-red Roman poppies which always look as if they might have sprung from seed sown by martyrs—were in bloom, and the air was vocal with skylarks.

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Nor is the suggestion of martyrdom an illusion. Where formerly stood one of the fountains of the great Piazzale delle Corporazioni, there was erected, long since, a humble Christian oratory in memory of Ostia's twenty-four martyrs who suffered death under Claudius the Goth in the year 269, chief among them being the saintly Archbishop of Ostia, Ciriaco. His tomb was a well-known place of pilgrimage in the fifth century. Around it were grouped a number of other Christian sarcophagi, one of which, recently unearthed, bears the inscription, "Hic Quiriacus dormit in pace."

As we stand upon this sacred spot we are almost directly in front of what was, in ancient times, the main entrance to the theatre. Here in this great square of the merchants, or forum, was the center of the city's life. A covered arcade completely surrounded it, and even today long rows of marble pillars, newly erected upon the old bases from which they had fallen, give it an air of beauty which we have almost forgotten how to associate with commerce. Yet commerce certainly was here, as is witnessed by seventy figured mosaics discovered among the ruins, each showing the trade sign of some once-flourishing rotarian of another day. It has even been possible to fix the nationality of these old business men, who appear to have represented every Latin racial strain under the sun.

With our backs still toward the theatre, we see a flight of steps leading to a raised platform surmounted by two delicate, white columns—all that remains of the temple of Ceres that marked the center of the square. Beyond lies the Tiber and the sacred isle, and the harbor of Trajan, indicated by a profile of old pine trees. On the horizon to the left sparkles the edge of the Mediterranean.

A remarkable statute of Venus of the Sea, discovered near the theatre, has, together with the remains of a number of portrait busts of famous citizens which once graced the square, been removed to a museum for safekeeping. So, before going in, let us pause to consider the meaning of these excavations and restorations which have brought the theatre back into being, and once more made possible the presentation, not merely of ghostly dramas evoked by imagination, but of classic spectacles enacted by great modern artists of flesh and blood.

For the renaissance of Ostia is no isolated phenomenon. It is but a part of that sudden, popular devotion to classic studies, of that political awakening, that "fervore di romanità," which now pervades all Italy like a ferment. Rome under Mussolini certainly means to come back to herself in a worldly sense. There is, of course, no dream of reëstablishing the ancient empire geographically. On the contrary, the dream is to create something new, an Italian people with a national feeling and a common sense of unity. And in the accomplishment of this, a profound instinct has led Young Italy to think of the days when Aeneas, sung by Virgil as the founder of the Latin race, is said to have made a refuge for his boats at the mouth of the Tiber. Yes, Fascismo attempts to go back even as far as this.

The enthusiasm and lavish expenditure with which the work of bringing the past palpably to the eyes of the people is everywhere being carried out, seems incredible in a country supposed to be poor. Months have been devoted to expensive delving in the Roman streets in a thus-far-resultless search for the remains of the Circus Maximus. The heaped rubbish of the Forum Romanum is gradually being shaped into such approximations of the old structures as archaeological knowledge and the material at hand will permit. The forum of Augustus has been rid of later-day constructions and is once more visible. At Pompeii the work of excavation, long continued in a desultory fashion by private enterprise, is now moving with vigor along strictly scientific lines, and the uncovering of the treasures hidden beneath the lava at Herculaneum has at last been begun instead of being merely talked about.

Engineers are planning to drain the lake of Nemi to recover the sunken navy of Tiberius. At Selinute one reërects the fallen columns of temples. And at Fiesole, upon the hill overlooking Florence, a theatre of early Roman construction, surrounded by yet more ancient Etruscan remains, is nearly ready to take its place beside those of Ostia, Syracuse and Pompeii as a going concern.

Even in Africa, Roman ruins are being utilized in this vast propaganda. And as few may actually visit them, the motion-picture camera has been brought into play, and the resulting films are projected upon screens, not merely in the theatres but in the public squares throughout Italy.

But this Rome, which to Mussolini must needs be the capital of Italy, is also the world's Rome, the temporal abode of the Vicar of Christ. Here are two ideas so separate and distinct that at times they have seemed incompatible.

Dante dreamed of uniting them, and pictured an eagle of imperial power fighting always for the Cross, giving to the world that peace and good order which tends to hold in check the material enemies of the Faith. There is no thought now of this eagle flying literally across the world. Government is, in this age at least, too complicated, too local a matter for any one head. But the opportunity yet remains of making Italy the faithful buckler of the Holy See, of relieving the Vatican of that continual threat of armed invasion which has hung over it ever since the troops of Cadorna marched through Porto Pia in 1870. Seldom has such an opportunity been given to man, and it is unquestionably Mussolini's today.

The feverish search for pagan relics might seem, at first sight, a strange way of carrying out any such purpose. But even paganism were a relief from the materialistic philosophy of the French Revolution, which has sterilized the secular thought of Italy for so many years. In reality, however, paganism as a religion is so dead that only a few scholars even know what it

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was like. The gods of Olympus have become, some say, the little folk of Ireland and of the English downs. Especially of the latter. Only the culture remains, and for the Italian that is the only possible and natural worldly background. His new antiquarianism is but the inevitable search for the family tree characteristic of the man who has seen better days, and stands upon the threshold of better days again. It is on a par with the holding of that remarkable recent festival known as the feast of the Book.

I can think of no more unusual spectacle in recent times. For, during one whole day, all Italy gave itself up to the praise of reading—yes, and of writing and publishing. In every large city, and in some of the smaller towns, booths were built in the squares for the display of books. The booths were crowded. It was like a fair. And the avowed object was to awaken the Italian author from his lethargy, from his tendency (aside from some notable exceptions) to imitate the French and other foreign styles; to show the closeted scholar that he is not, after all, alone, that the state has its eye upon him, and that he needs but to find his own accent to achieve recognition and to win a public.

So now we may, I think, leave the square of Ostia Scavi and enter the theatre in the cheerful mood of the skylarks.

It was originally built at about the beginning of the Christian era, of that porous stone known as tufa. But it was remodeled in the second century by the Emperors Septimus and Caracalla, who enlarged it to accommodate the needs of a growing city. Among the additions were an imperial box and a grand, central staircase—features lacking in the primitive structure—and that rich ornamentation in marble which later caused its undoing at the hands of despoilers. When completed it had a seating capacity of 4,000 (1,000 more than it has today) and must have looked somewhat like the Colosseum, though of course on a smaller scale. As it was on a plain, this likeness to the great Roman amphitheatre was enhanced by the continuity of the other walls—an unusual circumstance, since more of the ancient theatres were erected upon hillsides, like the one at Syracuse. And being a single and not a double theatre, it was cut in two exactly at its diameter by the front of the stage.

From indications left by some crude repairs made by order of the Emperor Theodosius, we know that it was in use until about the year 385. But from this time it passes from the historical, as it must have passed from the physical, view. We do not hear of it again until the time of Pius VII, when it appears as a mass of ruins upon a map made by the cartographer Holl. From this map, Nibbj and Canina, the first topographers of Ostia, were enabled to locate the exact positions of the city's principal buildings. But it was not until 1880 that Rodolfo Lanciani finally brought the interior of the theatre to light.

Some further work was done through the efforts of the alumni of the French Academy, in 1890, when a short article published by P. André gave to the world at large its first knowledge that such a structure even existed. The excavations were finally completed by the archaeologist Vaglieri, who applied the scientific method and marked the position of every stone, of every bit of ornament or fragment of pavement as found.

There was, at this time, scarcely a trace of anything which the casual passerby would have recognized as a building, and from this point on the story of restoration reads like a fairy-tale. It was almost as if the substance of the theatre remained, visible still to the restorers. And to this impalpable presence a new physical existence was imparted, little by little, as old materials were put in place or fresh materials were made to take the form of the old. The ground-plan was determined without much difficulty, but for the elevation the merest details had to suffice. Two steps leading up from the orchestra were all that gave the clue to the first of the three flights of curved gradients constituting the seats. A threshold here, the corner of a wall there—such things as these were the only guides as to the rest. Nevertheless, Professor Calza, speaking of the work which he accomplished with the assistance of the architect De Vico and the archaeologist Gismondi under direction of the Office of the Fine Arts, says this:

> And yet the facts discovered upon the site of the ruins themselves proved to be sufficient for a reconstruction aesthetically satisfying and scientifically exact. To have left the ruins as we found them would have been to yield to a sterile and foolish fetish-worship. As the building stands today, it is unique in all Italy. Such structures are generally isolated monuments. The theatre of Ostia is in the midst of a Roman city which still has imposing remains to remind us of its former greatness. Here, as perhaps nowhere else in the world, not even at Pompeii, may we be taken back in spirit to the days of the past.

Professor Calza speaks from exact knowledge. Taken back to the past we certainly are, though the spectacle which meets the eye is more severe and sombre than that which must have been seen by the ancients, who covered everything with graven marble or colorful stucco. It was for the purpose, perhaps, of remedying this lack, that a temporary wooden structure was added to the scena during the festival performances which marked the public opening—a rather bizarre arrangement of perpendicular masses in dark red, in the centre of which rose a group of ancient sacred symbols, of a barbaric rather than classical splendor.

The action took place upon what looked like a landing and its broad flight of stairs beyond, with a background that might have been drawn from a cubist painting. Solecism? Discord? No. Before arriving at such a conclusion, wait until you have heard of the players and the gorgeous costumes of the chorus, and learned the secret of the strange harmony produced by this mingling of the old and the new.

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JOY IN PAINTING: MAURICE DENIS

By HENRY LONGAN STUART

ONE of the compensations of living and working in New York is that those of us who reside in the world's biggest and most resonant city have our habitation literally at the gate of the new world. Week by week and day by day, the sirens whose mournful voices we hear as we lie awake at night, like horns blown at the portal of a castle of the middle-ages, announce the arrival or departure of some distinguished visitor from the world that lies beyond the seas. During our pedestrian comings and goings, we are rubbing shoulders, all unsuspecting, with great captains and explorers, great churchmen and statesmen, artists and writers whose names are headlined in the world's press and printed at the head of card after card in our public libraries. They sign the register in our caravanserai, they share our fare, our (largely surreptitious) good cheer, and the vagaries of our truly remarkable climate; they become unnoticed items in our torrential traffic, and, in a few days or weeks, are gone, leaving scarcely a ripple on the surface of our preoccupied lives. Some are yearly visitants, some even trans-oceanic commuters, as much at home on Fifth Avenue as on Bond Street or the Rue Royale. But others who come, at the end of a long life, to confront the world's greatest democratic experiment at first hand, appeal most to what imagination our absorption in the day's work leaves us.

One of these last is M. Maurice Denis, who is at present in this country as official representative from the French government to the exhibition of international art now at the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, which New Yorkers will have a chance to see when it comes later to Brooklyn. That very authoritative critic, Marc Lafargue, has termed M. Denis "one of the most powerful intellects in modern art." Certain it is that, as co-founder of the Atelier d'Art Sacré, he has done more to breathe life into the dry bones of devotional iconography than any living man. To meet, in the flesh, for the first time, one of whom much has been read and heard is always a poignant experience, and it is not made less so when the encounter is the result of a simple knock at a numbered door in a corridor of one of those vast filing cabinets which tower above our streets for the entertainment of the stranger.

M. Denis proves neither a shock nor a disappointment. Somewhat below what we consider the middle height; thick rather than stout, with heavy limbs and capacious vital organs; his ruffled, dark hair hardly streaked with grey; his eyes alight with intelligence, a ragged imperial on his chin, and the ribbon of the Légion d'Honneur on the lapel of his loose, dark coat —he is a type of the mature Frenchman too frequently encountered not to dwell in the memory as representative. French adolescents of the studious sort sometimes appear diaphanous beside our own sport-loving young barbarians. But they have a way of hardening into a vigorous maturity that tells of a country where no divorce from the soil has been suffered to upset a sane balance of living, where life is something besides a series of experiments, and where the head is never lifted so far toward the clouds that the feet are not left firmly planted on the ground.

While M. Denis is putting the finishing touches to an earlier interview conducted (for his are busy days) through the medium of liaison, it is not a bad moment to recall just what the career has been that leaves him the banner-bearer of the school which is attempting to return to the morning of art, not through imitation nor archaeological research, but through a recovery of the spirit and attitude which once made art a corporate possession.

He was born some fifty-seven years ago, at St. Germain-en-Laye, where he still lives. Characteristic of nearly all the Frenchmen, writers or painters, who count for much today, is an intense love of the "pays natal"—of the environment in which their senses and imagination awoke. His entry into the painting world, through Julien and the Beaux Arts, coincided with the "whirlwind that regenerated French art." In 1890, the reaction against the meticulous brush-work of the "pointillistes," the squalor of the realists and the vulgarity of the impressionists, was under weigh. It was in the hands of men such as Gauguin, Pisarro and Van Gogh, whose eccentricities earned them abundant enmity and often cast discredit on the movement. "Nothing is so like a daub as a masterpiece," protested Gauguin on one occasion to his critics. Nevertheless, the movement away from the school which had carried Ingres's dictum of the "trompe l'oeil" to the extent of boasting that the texture of cloth could be discerned in their handling, and toward "decorative deformation" and synthesis was, unconsciously perhaps, a return, circle-wise, to the principles that lie at the root of all truly great art.

One of its characteristics was a positive rapture with nature, and it is the special merit of M. Denis that, like Francis Jammes in literature, he found a solvent through which this rapture, so dangerously akin to pagan pantheism, was reconciled to, or, it would be more exact to say, wedded with, Christian reverence. It is not surprising that he came at his discovery through his admiration for the "little poor man of Assisi." It has been said (whether by him or of him hardly matters) that "once persuaded of the perpetual presence of God, the artist does not fear to mingle Him with nature." Hence M. Denis, whether his art be sacred or profane, is the painter of a world

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not only joyous, but innocent. "Sadness is of the devil," the favorite device of his favorite saint, has been taken by him as the guiding star of all his work. And it has never led him astray. Study the figures in all his compositions, great and small, and you will note the innocent exuberance that is painted into every glance or gesture. Whether it be the dancers, naked as sunshine, that tread the Dionysian measure on the cupola of the Théâtre des Champs Elysées, the choir-boys who sing, with a winged seraph beating time for them, from the walls of the church of Le Vésinet, or the houseless friars, in his illustrations to the Fioretti, who stand in the snow with ecstatic eyes lifted toward the Umbrian sunset, joy is the emotion written on all faces. It may be the joy of a Saturnian world, before the fear of Jove had descended upon it, or the joy of a redeemed world after the Saviour had died for it. But from every canvas or cartoon M. Denis has made, a sense of liberation reaches us as we study it. "They are children," a famous critic has said of his creations, "straying secure in gardens where no danger, moral or physical, can reach them."

It is of his work in seeking to restore a worthy decorative setting to the neglected and despoiled churches of his own country than an interviewer finds M. Denis readiest to talk. Preoccupation with sacred art was synchronous with his whole development. His first Salon exhibit in 1890 was a picture of a choir-boy; his first offering to the Independants in the year following, an Annunciation. He recalls a series of incidents that show by what chances a great talent may be directed. His attention was first drawn to the field he has made his own by a fellow-student at Julien named Serurier, a somewhat neglected painter and teacher, who read Verlaine with him. Serurier, says M. Denis, was "théosophe." The word is new to me, but I presume it means one who takes a mild interest in the Deity. In any case, by persuading the painter to illustrate Sagesse, he helped reveal to him his powers for direct, pictorial presentation of the mystical. A second accident led to his being asked to decorate the chapels of the Sacred Heart and the Blessed Virgin at Le Vésinet: Detaillé, the great illustrator of the Napoleonic épopée, and a fellow-townsman, happened to be talking to the curé, and mentioned Denis as "a young man of talent." On no subject, incidentally, is M. Denis so insistent as on the need of coöperation between the clergy and the laity when the beauty of God's house is in question. It is fatally easy, he says, for a busy parish priest to look through the "literature," entirely commercial, that has been sent him by interested parties, and to call a number on the telephone.

The great chance to put his theories into practice and to revive for one golden moment the spirit of the old "compagnons" of mediaeval days came just before the war. He acquired, in 1913, a property called Le Prieuré, built by Madame de Montespan as an almshouse in his native town. Part of the structure was a disused chapel. It was of no particular architecture, but its bare surfaces were in themselves an inspiration. Shortly before, together with Georges Desvallières, the painter of sorrowing Christs, M. Denis, had grouped together a few young men and women workers in stone, wood, pigments and textiles, under the name (which they still bear) of Atelier d'Art Sacré, and the little group of enthusiasts was turned loose upon the chapel of Le Prieuré. War interrupted the work temporarily, but when it was complete the sceptical received a revelation of what men and women, working together under a common inspiration, can achieve for the beauty of God's house at a price that would make the professional church-decorator decide to abandon business. From its semi-circular stations of the Cross, the work of the artist himself, its stained glass windows by his son-in-law, M. Dubos, its embroidered banners and altar-cloth, the stand in carved wood, where two kneeling angels support the missal, and its tabernacle door, showing the Spouse of the Canticles peering through the trellis, there is not one detail that is not the fruit of a charming and reverent fancy.

It is a part of M. Denis's modesty that he seemed surprised to hear that any account of the latest work on which he has been engaged, the decoration of the new church of Saint Louis de Vincennes, had already been published. A recent issue of La Vie Catholique supplies some details of an occasion which the artist himself says he had been awaiting "for forty years."

> Saint Louis is seated under the historic oak, in whose branches, just above his head, is a great cross, rendering justice to his people. . . . All the middle-ages are in movement around him. Above a spring near by is a little image of the Virgin. A mother is lifting her child toward the statute, and the tiny hands lay a bouquet of field flowers at its feet. . . . A procession is passing; from a wagon filled with the sheaves of the harvest, a young man raises his cap. . . . Further away a group of crusaders ride across the drawbridge of a castle bound for the Holy Land. And by an exquisite anachronism, at either side and at the edge of the wood, Maurice Denis shows us Francis of Assisi with the famous wolf of Gubbio, and Dante with Virgil and Beatrice. Around their king, the people are engaged upon their daily tasks. In the foreground, among the architects, stands Saint Thomas, the Summa in his hand. Above his head masons are putting the finishing touches to a hospital, at whose gateway monks are receiving a wounded crusader, while a recluse kneels in prayer. . . . Art, the sciences, labor, justice, charity, religion, all the splendor of the thirteenth century is set before us.

In a few nervous sentences, M. Denis scouts the idea that his love for the spirit of the days of faith means any attempt to reimpose its fashions. "If archaeology had presided over the Church at the beginning," he declares, "we should still be conducting our worship in the catacombs." He is frankly elated at the revelation New York's high buildings have made to him. "To spiritualize all this," he says, pointing out the

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window, "that is our task." Ferro-concrete construction, he is sure, has presented us with opportunities and liberated us from drawbacks which the men of the middle-ages would have been the first to appreciate. He thinks that the most successful churches in the devastated districts are those which have had to be built from the ground. An entirely new school of ecclesiastical architects has risen to meet the occasion, among whom he names Perret, Droz and Marrat, the architects of the church at Vincennes, Aubertin, Barbier and Gaudibert. His cherished Atelier, it is easy to see, is the subject that lies nearest his heart, not only because it has freed sacred art from the bonds of a tradition half-forgotten and effective mainly by force of old association, but because it has tested the value of the old coöperative "compagnonnage" and found it available today. He does not renounce a single one of his old enthusiasms. His declaration is especially noteworthy:

> Christian art is benefiting today by the liberty of thought which pioneers such as Gauguin, Renoir and Pisarro, preached to us in 1884, and is entering upon its inheritance. The history of art is a history of recommencements.

Asked to say who are most profoundly influencing the younger men of France today, M. Denis unhesitatingly names Claudel and Maritain.

> In literature and politics the younger men have a passion for order. The return to tradition and discipline is as insistent today as the cult of the ego and the spirit of revolt was in my own youth.

THE BEATITUDES AND THE CREED

By MacKINLEY HELM

A PROFOUND difference between traditional and independent definitions of Christianity is illustrated by a conversation in which I was not long ago engaged with a celebrated Protestant missionary to Africa. We were talking about the religious education of children. I offered an explanatory advocacy of the Sulpician method of catechetical instruction in matters of faith. I stressed the necessity of beginning with belief in God and continuing through the Nicene categories to whatever post-Nicene formularies the catechist is bound to propagate. My friend agreed that the method is interesting. Pedagogically it did not strike him as being quaint: perhaps because, having been in Africa, he did not know that behaviorism has eliminated the catechetical method.

But he did display his whole point of view in this question: "Do you not think it would be better to teach one's children the Sermon on the Mount rather than the Nicene Creed?" In his question one discerned a conception, explicit in much of modern theology and biblical criticism, of Christianity as an ethical system propounded and sanctioned by Jesus of Nazareth. According to this conception, the Incarnation is interpreted in the light of that word of Our Lord to Saint Peter at the beginning of the Galilean ministry: "Let us go elsewhere into the next towns, that I may preach there also: for to this end came I forth." Our Lord's teaching ministry is thought of as primary: Christianity is simply the religion which He preached.

Yet it is more than that. When one studies the Gospels for the development of Our Lord's ministry, and then relates these same Gospels to the epistolary literature of the New Testament, one sees that the main stream of Christian theology, beginning with Saint Peter and Saint Paul, has been decidedly Christocentric. Christianity had its beginnings in the relation of persons to a Person; and the principal preoccupations of the first Christian theologians were with ideas concerning that Person. Christ Himself was at the centre of the new religion. Religious and ethical ideas were caught up into Christianity, for the most part, as they were found to be related to the primitive confessions of Jesus as Lord.

A preliminary illustration will serve to point to the conclusion stated above as the thesis of this essay: namely, that Christianity is more than the religion which Jesus Christ professed and taught. A comparison of the first three Gospels will show that there was a most unequal interest on the part of the evangelists in the ethical implications of Christianity: for although Saint Matthew and Saint Luke preserve great and extensive treasures from the early teaching of Our Lord, the Messianic Gospel of Saint Mark, which rests on the teaching of Saint Peter, appears to have been formulated to prove the supernatural character of Christ, and to hold up as the Christian ideal a life, not of obedience to preceptual teaching, but of martyrdom: of martyrdom corresponsive to the salvational martyrdom of Christ. Illustrative, likewise, of the comprehensiveness of Christianity as we know it from earliest traditions is precisely that ethical interest observable in the Gospels of Saint Matthew and Saint Luke. One cannot imagine an evangelical antithesis between, let us say, dogmatic theology and moral theology. But it remains important to observe the order of the rise of Christian ideas; to note how Our Lord's various offices have been cherished by His servants; to try to demonstrate, in short, the nature of traditional Christianity.

The transition from the religion of Israel before the Incarnation to the religion which came to be known as Christianity is first marked in the most primitive Christian teaching of which any record remains:

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namely, in the sermons attributed to Saint Peter in the book of the Acts of the Apostles. In these passages, which antedate the preaching of Saint Paul, it is astonishing how little interest is expressed in what Our Lord did or said before the Crucifixion. In Saint Peter's sermon in the tenth chapter of Acts, commonly thought to represent the very earliest of Christian preaching, the opening verses are remarkably reminiscent of Saint Mark's Gospel. It begins, as that Gospel does, with the "baptism which John preached." It relates, as Saint Mark does, "how God anointed him (Jesus) with the Holy Spirit and with power." That is, Jesus is said to be the Christ, the Messiah. It is in the character of Messiah that Our Lord appears throughout the second canonical Gospel. The function of Messiah in Jewish literature is to redeem Israel: sometimes redemption is materialistic; sometimes it has a high spiritual quality. The sermon goes on to relate that Our Lord went about doing good and healing those that were oppressed of the devil, "for God was with him." Nowhere else outside of the Gospels themselves is even this much interest shown in the career of Our Lord before the Crucifixion. In his Pentecostal sermon Saint Peter dismisses the early part of Christ's life with these few words: "Jesus of Nazareth, a man approved of God unto you by mighty works and wonders and signs which God did by him in the midst of you, even as ye yourselves know."

In the former sermon we next encounter the story of the Crucifixion which, as shown by the relative space given to it in the Gospels, was a most important element of early Christian preaching. There follows a list of two offices of Our Lord: He has been ordained of God to be the Judge of the living and of the dead; and He will secure to "everyone that believeth on him" remission of sins. Thus it is seen that the event of His death, and His present and future relations to His followers, were of primary importance to His first disciples.

In two other sermons of Saint Peter, in the second and third chapters of the Acts, the two most important Christological ideas are that Jesus is Lord and that He is the suffering Servant of God who had been described in the book of Isaiah. In the sermon on the day of Pentecost, Saint Peter conceives of the coming of the Holy Ghost as due to the offices of the ascended Jesus. It is because Christ "pours forth" the Holy Ghost that He is first called "Lord." The continuous "mission" of the Holy Spirit continuously relates our Lord to His disciples. The early life of Christ is for the time being obscured by the wonder and glory of His Resurrection life, wherein His spiritual Presence daily abides with His followers. The memory of what He had said, of what He had done, is dimmed by the present reality of the Christian's experience of his ever-present Lord. It is Christ Himself, not His teaching about God nor about conduct, Who has become the centre of the new religion. One sees from the Gospels at how early a time stories of the life of Christ were circulated for the edification of believers and for the illumination of non-believers. It was natural that anyone who had learned to love Him should wish to know as much as possible about Him. But one must see that these things were secondary to the absorbing present of religious experience.

The application of the title "Servant" to Our Lord is most instructive. One turns to Isaiah for the explication of the title. In the so-called "Servant poems" of chapters forty-two, forty-nine, fifty-two and fifty-three, the Servant of God is seen to have these significant offices: he will restore to God not only the faithful members of the Jewish nation, but Gentiles as well, from all parts of the world; and by his death he "bare the sin of many," and "made intercession for the transgressors." In declaring Our Lord to be this suffering Servant, the first Christians were, in effect, declaring Him to be the instrument of forgiveness, and subsequently of salvation. Christianity came into being as a religion of salvation. At the centre of that religion stood the Person of Christ, the Saviour.

At a slightly later time, Saint Paul, Apostle to the Gentiles, became so engrossed in teaching "Christ crucified" to redeem men from their sins and to restore the souls of men to the spiritual kingdom for which they were created that his epistles are notoriously uninterested in the earthly career of Our Lord prior to Holy Week. So marked a want of interest is shown in the "religion of Jesus," indeed, that it has been the fashion of certain scholars to say that Saint Paul invented Christianity. We have seen, however, that the development from the religion of Jesus into the religion about Jesus antedated Saint Paul's preaching. It remained for Saint Paul, because of the vividness of his experience and the sagacity of his spiritual understanding, to point out with crystalline lucidity the characteristic elements of the new religious movement. To give form to his picture of Christianity as he knew it, he used, sparingly, only essential lines; omitting what was merely tangent. It was at a still later time that Saint John of the Gospel, fearing lest the theology of Saint Paul should become too much spiritualized, fastened to historical reality the Church's doctrines concerning her exalted Lord by combining the most highly developed apostolic doctrines of Christ with the most intimate portrait of the human Jesus to be found anywhere in the Gospels.

The Epistle to the Hebrews records in a most unique fashion the primitive perception of the fact that the revelation of God in Christ added to the religious experience of the world values undreamed of under the Mosaic dispensation. In this book God alone is the goal of the soul's aspiration. Our Lord is the great High Priest Who has fulfilled perfectly, for the first time and for eternity, the two primary functions of priesthood: He has offered the perfect sacrifice for sin; and in His priestly office of intercession He presents man before the very throne of God. Not merely, as the high priest of the temple at Jerusalem had done,

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does He bring man into the vicinity of the Presence, but immediately into the Presence of God Himself. He has dedicated for us "a new and living way" of entrance into the beatific life, not by anything He taught about God, but by being what He is. As a teacher, He had most luminously taught faith in God. As great High Priest, He gives us life in God.

We come to this, then, that within the lifetime of the Apostles, and continuing within the lifetime of the second generation of Christians, Our Lord was thought to have come not only to reveal the necessity of repentance, which prophets before Him had done; not only to give instructions concerning the nature of the kingdom of God; not only to spiritualize the Mosaic ethics already at hand; but also, by His Sacrifice at once to summon man to repentance and to secure his forgiveness; and in His ascended life with the Father to become in truth Head of His Body, the Church. He came, indeed, as all the Evangelists bear witness, to preach, and by His life and His teaching to demonstrate how we may learn to achieve to a spiritual way of life; but, even more gloriously, He came to give us abundantly of life eternal.

The question has finally to be asked: What, if anything, in the lifetime of Our Lord points to the subsequent development of Christianity? Is Christianity an invention of theologians, apostolic and post-apostolic, whose deductions led them into byways remote from the dominical source of religious thought? What of the word of Our Lord to Saint Peter: "For to this end came I forth"? One can here only sketch in the outlines of the progress of Our Lord's career in Palestine, but even a hasty review will show some matters of importance.

It is clear from our Gospel records that Our Lord began His ministry fully aware of His vocation as Messiah. But His Messianic claims were not immediately published. He began to fulfill His mission by preaching about repentance and the kingdom of God, and by healing the sick. Great numbers of people came to Him. Not many of them remained to follow Him. Suspected in some influential circles of heretical doctrines subversive of strict Jewish discipline, He quickly acquired some powerful adversaries. Our Lord faced critical times. Death loomed up to interrupt His labors. He consulted with His disciples and found them to be confident of His Messianic character. Then, having failed to make any considerable impression as a private citizen, He let it be known far and wide that He was the Christ Whom the nation awaited. The publication of this news spread His fame and resulted in a temporary accession of followers; the multitudes who cried "Hosanna to the son of David" on Palm Sunday seem soon to have melted away. Likewise, it hastened His death. So far as anyone could see, Our Lord was nailed to the cross before there had been done whatever it was that the Messiah had been sent to do.

But from the point of view of the Messiah Himself, it was impossible that His mission should fail. Whatever had not been done in this life should be done in the next. And two of the sayings of Jesus in the Gospels point precisely to this conclusion: once, in a homily on humility addressed to the disciples on the occasion of the brazen request of the sons of Zebedee for places of particular honor in heaven, Our Lord had said: "For the Son of man also came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many." This is quoted by the same evangelist who earlier in his Gospel reported that Christ had come to preach: a remarkable evidence of the growth of the Messianic conception. Finally, in the institution of the Eucharist, Our Lord pointed out the meaning of His death, the significance of the Crucifixion for the future: "This is my blood of the (new) covenant, which is poured out for many."

It was with this last note of Our Lord, vibrant even beyond the cross, that Christian theology began. The humanitarian ministry of Galilee was not conclusive. The teaching of the kingdom was not telic. It was necessary first that Christ should die and be raised again, that He should be discovered to be Himself the Lord of Life, before Christianity could come into being. Cherishing always the ministry of Galilee, the precept and example of the Divine Teacher, the religion of the Incarnation has always drawn its vitality from the new life which flows into the world through the Incarnate Saviour.

The Leper

(*A long rakish vessel with yellow sides*)

The Leper, she was called—
Someone in vagrant mood
Himself had walled
Thus with mock solitude.

Living a social life
Within his "pest-house" home,
He whet his knife
Of fantasy with gloom.

Upon the walls were hung
Black crêpe and rotting cloth,
And spiders clung
Unto the doors; the moth

Flapped round each yellow lamp
Pale-flickering in the night;
Perpetual damp
Breathed of perpetual blight.

Here, entertaining friends,
A "pestilential host,"
He found no end
Of things of which to boast.

Oh, he was very proud
Till some real leper came,
Clambering over the sides,
Shouting aloud
"The name! The name!"

T. C. Patterson.

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WHAT OF OUR DIPLOMATS?

By WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS

THE nomination of Mr. Dwight Morrow as ambassador to Mexico is important in the highest degree. There is no diplomatic post presenting greater difficulties to the United States government than Mexico.

The century-old struggle between the tradition of Spanish culture, Indian aspirations and the political ideas of the class intermediate between Spaniards and Indians; the formidable politico-economic questions agitated between Mexico and the United States, and ranging from American investments in Mexico to the assumption, by a certain school of thought in the United States, of special prerogatives and responsibilities on the part of our national government over all that group of peoples lying between our southern boundary and the Panama Canal; the complicating matter of a very astute drive on the Catholic Church (used, as I think, mainly for the purpose of dividing North American public opinion and weakening any policy likely to be evolved)—all these offer an ideal field to the Moscow workers for world revolution.

The principal rôle in Mexico's troubles has been assigned by a section of our public to Bolshevism. The truth goes far deeper than that. Bolshevism would be a consequence rather than a cause. A well-meaning but badly conducted campaign of public education with regard to Mexican affairs has added to the difficulty of the situation to such a degree that none but the best ambassador the President and the Senate can select can hope to make any headway in solving the problem of our future relations with our neighbor.

In addition to this general situation there is a particular one which is important in the highest degree. For the past thirty years we have tried to build a trained diplomatic and consular service adequate to expanding American interests. Our efforts have been handicapped by many things, among others, by the fact that, until recently, a diplomat in training to be ambassador was not paid enough to live on either at home or abroad. An immediate consequence of that state of things was that, disguise it as it might, the State Department was forced to choose only men for training who had large private fortunes. A further inevitable consequence is that many of these men attached far more importance to the customs of European courts and capitals than to the interests and aspirations of the American people, and that, in spite of the best efforts of certain men in the Department and in the foreign service, we have followed the old tendencies of European diplomatic tradition, even after Europeans themselves had seen the importance of economics and history over court etiquette.

Thus we have not trained men to meet today's problems. We have a very small number of exceptional men in the "career" service who are good in spite of the general tendencies of the service, not because of it. Such a one is Hugh Gibson, who has been far more successful than now appears on the surface. He has laid the groundwork for solid accomplishment in the future.

But, generally speaking, when we have a problem of first magnitude we are obliged to go outside for men of the first magnitude: Dawes, Owen Young and Robinson for the German reconstruction problem; Jeremiah Smith for one of the finest pieces of diplomatic work that has been accomplished by Americans, an honor to our statecraft. Alanson Houghton is a diplomat of the first rank; and now for Mexico we choose —and it is an admirable choice—Dwight Morrow.

This is not an unfriendly criticism of a service in which the writer has taken part, to which he belonged devotedly for many years and in which he still takes an affectionate interest. It is mere recognition of the fact that that service is part of a system which spreads throughout our government departments. Our time-honored way has been to await a change of administration and sweep everyone into the discard, a wasteful and childish practice. The "hire and fire" system has long been out of favor among good business men. To escape it there has been a steady tendency in government offices to form engines under political or "social" protection to ensure permanence in office.

What we need badly in American diplomacy at this beginning of a new American era, is a combination of first-rate men in office, wherever we can get them—men of sound experience both at home and abroad—together with a vigorous new system of training for our younger diplomats and a merciless weeding out of those who are inadequate. Diplomacy as well as international business is entering a highly competitive stage. Under the guise of following foreign policy, we have drifted into various attitudes of mind which may or may not be justified, but which should be subjected to the most rigorous public scrutiny, and to public confirmation or discard, according to their merits.

The general public has a better basis for intelligent participation in the safeguarding of true American interests than ever before, by reason of the increasingly generous flow of excellent studies of American history written from every angle. We need something less of domestic partisan propaganda in foreign affairs. We need to understand that, for us, there is no longer any such subject as "foreign" affairs, but that all our American affairs are directly or indirectly international, and that it is somebody's business to see that the public servants specially charged with the guardianship and development of our international interests fully execute their responsibilities.

Corn Shocks in Moonlight

Is this the intimation that I heard,
When gold-green blades against the dusk were stirred?
Like wigwams of a changed and conquered race,
The corn shocks in the moonlight are a trace
Of new departure; broken blades reply
To winds with half-heard rustles like a sigh.
The soil has given—and the reaper takes.
The marching rows that knew how morning wakes
From deep, spiced beds of summer, fell upon
Late autumn's bed of husks one weary dawn,
To rest from burdens of the hoarded gold—
To rise and feel the binder's corded hold
Upon them, in a pattern quickly changed,
While hush and haze fell on the field they ranged.
And yet it was for this they grew, for this
The reach of roots that did not find amiss
The captured rain, the stalks that hardened through
To bear the burdens of the gold they grew
In husks that guarded—and need guard no more.
Is this the intimation heard before
The waving tassels learned their destiny,
And little blades seemed cautioned not to see
A season's conquest less than season-won
Because they lifted and had felt the sun?
No—but the golden ears, the ripened gold!
A world that hungers, reaching out to hold!

GLENN WARD DRESBACH.

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SONNETS

October Evening

There will be gnawing winds and stinging snow,
And fields now green be pewter-hard and cold;
On rapier thrusts of wind across the wold
The chaff of wintry harvests soon will blow.
But now the fields are trampled by the moon,
And sapphire mists are rising in the corn;
Above the hills, ephemeral clouds are born,
And stars swing low as fireflies in June.

And sweetly, in the hillside's wooded halls,
The zither-song of wind among the leaves
Is mingled with the voice of waterfalls,
The sough of waters under canyon eaves,
As silvery beards, that from a precipice blow,
Shiver to iris crystals far below.

MAUD E. USCHOLD.

"Cap'n"

Far from the sea in his grey later days,
A dweller where the salt winds never came,
Where sunsets never sank with crash of flame,
He was an exile in the human maze
Of valley lives. A friendly pathway strays
Up grave Pine Hill, and there, with some strange aim,
He climbed—perhaps to hear pine voices frame
Their ancient choruses of old sea ways.

The valley saw him daily mount the height,
And from the grey cliff face the soaring sky;
And there a ghostly galleon paused a while,
At some far hail across the verge of night
Swift veering through the dusk, and anchored nigh,
And bore him joyous from his lonely isle.

ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

Antiquary

Once, when she thumbed old books of dimming prints,
He sat before her, questioning the disguise
Of tarnished jewelry and old faded chintz
She wore. Why any girl so markedly wise
Should toy away the hours of her youth
In old antiquities?—he pondered why.
Surely the lottery of dusty truth
Was taking precious coin to gain thereby.

"Nothing is ever new or young," she said,
"It's merely the disguise that makes it so;
Reading, we read the page already read."
He smiled a little in the evening glow
Remembering one as beautiful and dear,
Whom he had loved—and down another year.

HOWARD MCKINLEY CORNING.

The Gardener

What if the loves I have for you forgotten
Leave each within my heart a shriveled root?
Let them be buried deep—loves dead and rotten—
Your tree springs green from soil of last year's fruit.
Now my erstwhile luxuriance is over,
Now that last season's riotous vines are killed,
Thrust the old stalks aside, and so uncover
The small neat plot that shall be wisely filled.

Your little tree, sedately fenced, shall flourish
In my heart's tamed and tranquil garden-close,
Spreading pruned branches that will gently nourish
The quick wild birds of fancy in hushed rows.
All my dear, unkempt petals—my wind-flung leaves—
You will bind up for me in sober sheaves.

JOAN RAMSAY.

Kathryn

What heavenly cascade of bells can ring
Your sweetness into rhyme? What symphony
Of verse interpret your variety?
Where shall I find notes pure enough to sing
The song of your clear spirit? If I bring
These labored words to you, they will not be
In beauty half as one you carelessly
Might say on some quite unimportant thing.

Therefore I will not vow, as poets do,
"Ineffable alike my love and you!"
Rather, to match your loveliness and grace
Is my endeavor. I have now for a space
Youth and the world to search for such expression,
And should I fail, there's this sincere confession.

MONROE HEATH.

There Is No Death

Here in the sweet earth, rest, O happy one,
Exchanged thou hast this life for lasting peace;
The grave no prison is but a release,
The door that opes beyond the setting sun
Into that kingdom where, our labors done,
In garments white as is a young lamb's fleece,
We pass with song to joys that never cease,
Welcomed by Him all hope to look upon.

Toll not the passing bell with note forlorn,
But, decked with flowers and ribbon-garlanded
As at a bridal, blow the fife and horn:
Wherefore weep ye? He is not dead ye mourn,
Not "dust to dust" was of the spirit said,
That like a star in darkness is reborn.

J. R. CLEMENS.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

The Trial of Mary Dugan

THE author of Within the Law and The Thirteenth Chair, Mr. Bayard Veiller, has demonstrated once more his splendid sense of the theatre in The Trial of Mary Dugan. This time he has done rather more than write a good play. He has accomplished what very few dramatists could hope to do—he has created absorbing theatrical entertainment with no other machinery or action than that found in a court room during a murder trial. When the audience enters the theatre, the stage is already set to represent a session of the New York Supreme Court, and long before the play begins, scrub-women, policemen, reporters and other court hangers-on, wander about the scene in the desultory manner so familiar to anyone who has served on a jury trial. The gradual darkening of the house lights is the only indication that the play is about to begin. The audience itself represents the jury box.

With this novel beginning, the action of the play picks up quickly and holds with great intensity to the last moment. The break between acts is handled quite naturally through two adjournments of the court forced by incidents in the trial itself. The defendant in this case is one Mary Dugan, recently of the Follies, who is alleged to have stabbed and killed Edgar Rice, a man politely referred to by one of the witnesses as her "sugar daddy." The way in which the dramatic action develops through the unexpected revelation of several of the witnesses is a masterpiece of stage technique. And the moment at which Mary's brother, Jimmie Dugan, discharges her attorney and takes the case into his own hands is one not easily forgotten. As the play involves all the elements of a mystery story, it would be obviously unfair to give the solution.

There is only one fault to find with this play and that is its obvious effort to sentimentalize the character and past life of Mary Dugan herself. There were moments when one feared that her entire career would be painted in a rosy glow of wronged innocence. Mr. Veiller, however, came very near to saving the situation when he had Mary Dugan admit that luxuries could after a time become almost necessities in one's life. But there is very little in the story to match the relentless candor of such a character as Madame X.

This play has been staged by Mr. A. H. Van Buren and is a masterpiece of expert casting and intelligent direction. Arthur Hohl, as the district attorney, shows the sincerity of his performance by making himself thoroughly and heartily disliked. The parts of the various witnesses are not only characterized in the lines of the play but invariably well acted as brief and succinct portraits. The chief emotional burden falls, of course, upon Rex Cherryman, as Jimmie Dugan, and upon Ann Harding, as Mary. Miss Harding has improved notably in her restraint since her rather theatric performance in The Woman Disputed last year. Mr. Cherryman's work is finely shaded and full of manly sincerity. This story is obviously one of falsified values, but of great theatrical quality.

My Maryland

THIS musical version of the story of Barbara Fritchie is a satisfying, if not entirely brilliant, form of entertainment. The book and lyrics are by Dorothy Donnelly and the music by Sigmund Romberg. Like all of the more recent Shubert operettas, it is lavishly staged and distinguished by a splendid male chorus. This time, be it noted, the chorus is not obliged to imitate the Tiller girls in dancing tactics.

One has the feeling that a much more compact and stirring musical drama could have been written around this famous theme, and that the present version is allowed to wander into too many by-paths of trivial interest. Likewise the dramatic illusion is not helped by the faithful spotlight which follows Miss Evelyn Herbert, as Barbara, wherever she wanders. But the effect on the whole is pleasing, melodious, and not without its moments of effective drama.

Creoles

THOUGH Samuel Shipman and Kenneth Perkins have put their heads together to tell a story of old New Orleans in 1850, they have failed to infuse into it any comforting sense of reality. Without going so far as Mr. Alexander Woolcott, who described the play as "bloated," one may certainly put it down as a bit of painted card-board in which the actors are called upon to utter profoundly unbelievable lines. The one quite delightful setting by Norman Bel Geddes is hardly sufficient justification for viewing the play itself. Miss Helen Chandler makes the most of an impossibly naïve little girl, and Allan Dinehart gives a quite unconvincing imitation of a Mexican sea-dog.

Dracula

THOSE who enjoy chilly spines will find in Dracula the same kind of nervous agitation which tourists in Paris discover at the Grand Guignol. Readers of Bram Stoker's novel of the same name will recall that Dracula was a vampire gentleman who died some five hundred years ago, but managed to maintain a sort of half-life through the subsequent centuries by drinking human blood during the nocturnal hours. When Dracula takes up his abode in a peaceful village and proceeds to drain the life-blood of two of its most charming maidens, the father of the second victim summons the famous scientist, Abraham Van Helsing, to solve the mystery. There was probably never so much pure hokum thrown into three acts as in this horrific tale. At one time Van Helsing repels Dracula by waving a piece of wolf's-bane under his nose. Later he is able to conquer the vampire only by holding before him a packet containing the Host. The needlessness of this particular touch is amply demonstrated later when Dracula is quite easily subdued by the sight of the cross. Aside from this one slip in good judgment and good taste, it is quite astonishing to see how successfully the authors and the director have conveyed the sense of supernatural reality. If the whole production had not been staged with expert care, it is the kind of thing that would be laughed out of court at the first hearing. Instead, it manages to hold its audience almost petrified from first to last. From a purely theatrical viewpoint this is little less than a stroke of genius.

The dramatic version was written by Hamilton Deane and John Balderston. The play is directed by Ira Hards. All three deserve great credit for making the unreal seem painfully real. The baying of frightened dogs, the howls of a maniac under the influence of Dracula, the flying of bats, the mystery of dimmed lights and gauze curtains, and all other familiar means to horror have been used to step up the atmos-

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phere of this play to a pitch of credibility. There is no single element which cannot be analyzed in a perfectly matter-of-fact way. The striking quality of the piece lies not in any one of its elements, but in their masterly combination.

The actors have also contributed a very important share in their deep earnestness, without which the play would simply become a ridiculous situation. From Nedda Harrigan, as the mysteriously hypnotized maid, to Bela Lugosi, as the evil Dracula, each of the eight members of the cast gives an authentic and competent performance. This is particularly true of Edward Vansloan as Professor Van Helsing, of Bernard Jukes, as the maniac, and of Dorothy Peterson as Lucy Harker, the vampire's immediate victim. Dracula can hardly be recommended as a health diet for jaded nerves, but as a theatrical tour de force it is an outstanding achievement.

Black Velvet

THE author of this at times melodramatic romance of the yellow-pine belt in the South is Willard Robertson. He is also the author of The Sea Woman, a play of two seasons back which will be remembered for the extraordinary delineation it gave of the Viking strain dominating the woman keeper of a lighthouse. Mr. Robertson has a gift for dialogue that somehow rings true, and for creating situations of genuine feeling and tensity. His characterization is also clear and interesting. But apparently in the construction of his plays he does not always drive home his points with their full potential force.

The present story concerns itself with General Darr, the aged owner of a decaying plantation, with his grandson and with Patricia Harper, a northern girl, the daughter of a promoter who sees a small fortune in the timber now going to waste on the plantation. The first act is leisurely beyond all measure. The second act, toward the end, accelerates its pace through the melodramatic introduction of a northern labor contractor who threatens to transport all the local Negroes, and of a cocain smuggler, whose activities promise to turn the peaceable Negroes into a ravaging mob. A further complication is introduced in the attachment of the General's grandson to a mulatto girl. The third act brings about a very definite situation in which the General is prepared to kill his grandson rather than let him marry a white girl, after his disclosure of the affair with the mulatto. At this point Mr. Robertson's ingenuity comes to an abrupt halt and the old General dies from a stroke just as he is getting ready to fire a bullet through his grandson.

The acting is more than satisfactory, particularly in the number of interesting character parts introduced. Miss Nadea Hall, as the mulatto girl, is particularly effective through her sullen restraint. Leona Hogarth, last seen in The Great God Brown, does not have much of an opportunity to add to her laurels. Arthur Byron, the featured player, as General Darr, gives one of those pleasantly familiar portraits of declining southern aristocracy. Quite the best character bits are by Peter Bentley, as an overseer, and Parker Fennelly, as the local sheriff. If you can live through the first act of Black Velvet, you will probably find considerable entertainment in the balance of the play. It is by no means, however, among the season's finest contributions.

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BOOKS

A Chaucer Handbook, by Robert Dudley French. New York: F. S. Crofts and Company. $2.00.

THIS handbook of Professor French sums up and clarifies the best and most recent findings of Chaucerian scholarship, laying especial emphasis upon the probable sources and origins of the poems. The chapter on Chaucer's life is particularly fine because of its lucidity and its avoidance of sentimentality and the tendency to embroider ascertainable data. There is also a valuable bibliography that should prove a boon to students, although a hypercritical reviewer might perhaps wonder at the inclusion of Professor Coulton's erratic and confused Mediaeval Village, and at the exclusion of Miss Power's admirable study on Mediaeval English Nunneries; in place of Professor Hearnshaw's less distinguished volume, he would have welcomed The Legacy of the Middle Ages, by Messrs. Crump and Jacob, as well as The Two Byways, by Professor Salzman. Under the Canterbury Tales, references to Professor Manly's A Knight Ther Was (Transactions of the American Philological Association, 38, page 89) to H. S. Bennett's The Reeve and the Manor in the Fourteenth Century (English Historical Review, 41, page 358) and H. S. V. Jones's more recent article on the Squire's Tale (Publications of the Modern Language Association, 23, page 557) should have been listed, as well as references, under biographical material, to Miss Rickert's Documents and Records in recent numbers of Modern Philology.

It is to be regretted that a chapter was not included covering a discussion of verse forms already at Chaucer's disposal, together with a study of Chaucerian prosody. The few pages on versification are helpful, but is it established beyond the peradventure of a doubt that "the extra syllable [i. e., the final "e" at the end of a line] should always be pronounced" (page 365)? Since even the elect cannot tell precisely how Chaucer pronounced his words, far be it from me to suggest changes in the section devoted to pronunciation.

I wonder if Professor French has not fallen into the snare that has caught many another astute critic of Chaucer. Surely the pilgrimage to Canterbury is, after all, imaginary; the occasional and somewhat confused references to time and place can only be intended to lend an air of verisimilitude to a purely fictitious journey. Hence, as Dr. Brusendorff admirably shows, there is small warrant for the drastic rearrangement of the manuscript suggested by Furnivall, with the sanction given to commentators to assign quite gratuitously several days to this journey, with appropriate stops along the way and appropriate times of day for the telling of each tale. Art becomes science, and Chaucer is credited with furnishing his readers with a timetable as well as with poetry. And may I suggest, contrary to such eminent scholars as Professor Tatlock and the writer of the handbook, that Chaucer satirizes no institution nor does he question one item of Catholic belief? He paints his rogues wherever he finds them, and their personalities alone interest him. Twice at least does he go out of his way to warn his readers against identifying the rogue with the institution to which he belongs but does not represent. When he gives us the Sumnour's "teaching" concerning the archdeacon's court, Chaucer interjects, lest readers misunderstand his attitude:

> "But wel I woot he [the Sumnour] lyed right in dede;
> Of cursing oghte ech gilty man him drede,
> For curs wol slee, right as assoilling saveth;
> And also war him of a significavit."

Again, as Professor Ruud once suggested to me, Chaucer chucks his Pardoner overboard for a moment in order to express his own belief, which, he knows, chimes in with that of his contemporary readers:

> "And Jesu Crist, that is our soules leche,
> So graunte yow his pardon to receyve;
> For that is best; I wol yow nat deceyve."

If I followed my own inclinations, I would pass by in silence the chapter on Chaucer's age, but that would be manifestly unfair to the readers of this review who would quite naturally think I concurred in the sentiments therein expressed. And I do not. Moreover, I find it written with scant sympathy and little understanding, so that the tone is off-key and the picture distorted and out of focus. I have no space to labor the point here, and, indeed, it is unnecessary, for the author convicts himself of notions now rapidly being discarded as unsatisfactory in the face of available evidence. I refer particularly to two: he seriously compares Wycliffe and the Lollards with John Wesley and his lowly preachers; he suggests a sharp contrast between the renaissance as an epoch of purifying cultural forces and the middle-ages as an epoch of corrupting inertia and superstition. Fifteen years or so ago these ideas would have been more patiently received than they are to-day. But, this chapter apart, I am in no doubt as to the merits of this book, which continues the tradition of high excellence set by the earlier handbooks on Shakespeare and Milton that come from the same publishing house.

CORTLANDT VAN WINKLE.

A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on the Book of Daniel, by James A. Montgomery. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $4.50.

BIBLE science has been enriched by a new volume of the International Critical Commentary, in Professor Montgomery's Book of Daniel, which deserves a place beside other excellent volumes of that series. On account of its prophetical announcements, and because of its apocalyptic nature, the Book of Daniel has always attracted religious interest and scholarly attention. Holding a place in the Old Testament corresponding to that of Saint John's Apocalypse in the New, it offers to the scholar hard, knotty problems for solution. The Book is classed among the Prophets by the Septuagint and Christian versions, while it is found among the Writings in the Hebrew Bible. There are parts of Daniel (xiii, xiv and iii, 24-90) that were admitted into the canon only after much discussion.

The oldest form of the book has come down to us in three languages: six chapters in Hebrew, six in Aramaic, and the deutero-canonical parts in Greek. There are problems of authorship, date of composition and original text; and there are many problems connected with the interpretation of the prophecies and apocalyptic visions. These and others demand, on the part of the scholar who seeks their solution, expert equipment, wide scholarship and mature judgment.

Professor Montgomery was a happy selection, for two reasons. He is a Semitic scholar of the first class and versed in the languages around the Bible; and, as a professor of the University of Pennsylvania, he was in close touch with the recent Babylonian discoveries, which thus helped him to treat of a book with a Babylonian background.

The first part of Professor Montgomery's book constitutes a special introduction. The author readily discards the deu-

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tero-canonical parts, thus relieving himself from the necessity of commenting on them, although they are to be found in the Septuagint and Theodotion. Because of philological grounds and historical objective, he is inclined to place the date of composition in the Hellenistic age of the second century, B. C. To be precise, he says that chapters i to vi were composed in Babylonia, in the third century B. C., while he places chapters vii to xii in the first years of the Maccabean uprising, 168-165 B. C. By this late date, the historical value and the prophetical value of the book are to a great extent discounted. The literary value both in the stories and in the visions is prized by Professor Montgomery. His treatment of the theology of the Book shows perspicacity and breadth of vision. Daniel stands in the main current of theological thought of the Old Testament. He makes a development in eschatology, predicting a resurrection from the grave, "some to everlasting life, and some to shame, to everlasting abhorrence" (xii, 2); and has also advanced angelology.

The philological notes of Professor Montgomery's book will prove of lasting value, especially to the student of Aramaic. This language, covering six chapters of Daniel, and found elsewhere—a few fragments only—in I Esdras, was long a source of speculation for scholars. With new discoveries of clay texts and papyri in this language, hailing from both Egypt and Mesopotamia, it is now known that Aramaic was the official language of empires and the dominant Semitic tongue from 800 B. C. onward. Being almost a newly discovered language, its rules of grammar and syntax had to be hammered out and tested. Professor Montgomery gives a good account of Aramaic, and throughout his commentary offers contributions to the philology of the language as well as to the department of comparative Semitics.

The best contribution is in the field of textual criticism. The reviewer has frequently heard Professor Montgomery discuss the texts of Daniel at meetings of the Society of Biblical Literature and Exegesis, and has admired his scholarly work. He is a close student of Theodotion—a Greek translation from the Hebrew by a proselyte in the second Christian century, when the Old Septuagint version had become corrupted. He controls all the readings, and with critical care knows how to pick from the variations. Here is where an expert is needed and where his work is of lasting value—the groundwork of choosing the text.

There are long exegetical notes on the important questions of the Book of Daniel. For instance, there is a seven-page note on the expression "Son of Man" (vii, 13, 14) where the author steers a middle course, taking the symbolic as against the Messianic interpretation. Because the Messiah does not further enter the picture is not a valid reason for this. The text is to be judged as it stands, and it certainly affords foundation for the Messianic interpretation taken by both Jewish and Christian commentators. It is a case again of "for the letter killeth."

The work is supplemented with very good indexes, and there is a bibliography especially full in respect to philological works. All the literature about Daniel has been controlled, and the historical materials, both Christian and Jewish, have been carefully sifted. In the maze of textual variants, Professor Montgomery picks his steps carefully but definitely, and he is a master in compositive Semitics. After several years of painstaking study, he has produced a work which makes us proud of him here, and which will help to make American scholarship highly respected abroad.

PATRICK J. TEMPLE.

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American Poetry, 1927: A Miscellany. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

Anthology of Modern Indian Poetry, by Gwendolyn Goodwin. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.50.

Modern Yiddish Poetry, by Samuel J. Imber. New York: The East and West Publishing Company.

Songs and Ballads of the Anthracite Miner, by George F. Korson. New York: The Grafton Press. $3.00.

Lyrics from the Old Song Books, by Edmonstoune Duncan. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $4.00.

ANTHOLOGIES are not alone for the gourmets of literature; the gluttons also will be served, and some will have tamales and some will have dried fish. The lily-fingered dilettante will find much to delight him in Edmonstoune Duncan's Lyrics from the Old Song Books; in George F. Korson's Songs and Ballads of the Anthracite Miner there will be attractions for the not so carefully manicured. The Anthology of Modern Indian Poetry, by Gwendolyn Goodwin, will admirably supplement the studio-incense and Bakst chintzes of our artist haunts; Samuel J. Imber's Modern Yiddish Poetry will keep us in touch with the throngs of our shops and subways, and American Poetry, 1927, edited by Louis Untermeyer, will guide our footsteps in the proper rotarian paths of some of our headliner national lyrists.

In spite of its comprehensive title, American Poetry, 1927, is not in any sense representative of our American poetic product; it is rather the coöperate miscellany of a group of poets "who have won their spurs," and only four new poets are admitted in this year's volume. It may be said at once that these constitute its most striking ornaments. When spurs are won they must be kept brightened, and one can remark evidence of a rather early rust upon the cow-boy trappings of not a few of these coöperatives, some of whom should never have found a place in so restricted a Parnassus. Would it not be wiser to lapse less exclusively?—for poetry today is an open prairie, not a community background. If Pegasus is to be led into a rodeo, let our coöperatives keep their seats for his bucking.

Gwendolyn Goodwin speaks in the preface of the Anthology of Modern Indian Poetry of "The Indian poet of today torn, like the Indian painter, between admiration for western models and an inherent Indian tradition that runs in his veins and will not be denied." The same problem presents itself in regard to the modern Japanese and Chinese artists, with what results and deplorable climaxes we are only too conversant. It is hardly so much a conflict of their art interests as the result of the mad passion for recognition and publicity in the western marts. Sir Edmund Gosse was not without his usual sapience when he persuaded Sarajini Naidu to tear up her poems about English life. It is a pity that most of these oriental writers and painters cannot content themselves with the best art spirit of their own people. The passion for the foreign and the far-away seizes frequently enough upon our own bards and painters, whose work becomes a sort of laughing-stock to the natives of the lands—Provençal, South Seas, Spanish, Russian, Chinese and Turkish. It is the jackdaw and the peacock over again. Miss Goodwin's poets are charmingly oriental, and her collection proves that the Indians are best when they remain Indians.

The Anthology of Modern Yiddish Poetry, edited by Samuel J. Imber, is a body of poetry in the original and translated form that is highly creditable to its Jewish makers. Sons of the Balkan and Baltic states, of Poland, Russia and Germany, and immigrant dwellers of our American side-streets, show here in their poetry a richness of emotional experience, a depth of sentiment and a moody, glamourous nature, which, in spite of some hopeless morbidity, are great enough to shame our ivory-towered pretenders. There is a whole world of griefs and pauper experiences in these poems, whose language has so limited a tradition as to cover little more than fifty years. The new world leaves a strong mark upon these newcomers, who write of New York and America with the graphic power that is denied to our older residents. Mr. Imber is to be thanked for an excellent preface, which gives in a general outline the story of his Yiddish singers.

The Songs and Ballads of the Anthracite Miner follows the "seam of folk-lore which once ran through life in the hard coal fields of Pennsylvania," from the days of the Civil War, when the miners, whose places are now filled by the laborers from southern Europe, were mostly Irish, Welsh, English and Scottish. Mr. Korson's book is as much of a history of these mining communities as it is an anthology of their popular songs. He gives us numerous sidelights on the daily lives and the tragedies of their hazardous occupation. The narrative poems he has collected are unfortunately of a length and discursiveness that preclude quotation: they are strong in humor and natural pathos. His collection forms a valuable record of an epoch that has spent itself forever.

Lyrics from the Old Song Books exhibits the very careful and thorough collecting and editing of Edmonstoune Duncan. A song book is properly a musician's work, and in spite of learning and taste our literary editors have not always succeeded in collating this rich material from the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. In the earlier writers, divorce between the music and the words was more frequent than would appear seemly today. Nevertheless, literature held a greater ascendancy than music, hence the excellent quality of Mr. Duncan's collection. The most famous names in English letters are to be found in his lists, together with a large number of anonymous pieces which have survived on their sheer beauty. Mr. Duncan's truly delightful book is a very valuable addition to our libraries of poetry.

THOMAS WALSH.

From Bismarck to the World War, by Erich Brandenburg; translated by Annie Elizabeth Adams. New York: Oxford University Press. $7.00.

EVERYBODY knows that no single event in European political history after 1870 can be judged strictly on its own merits, but must be seen as something like one letter in a long and unified telegram. Similarly, it is a commonplace to say that Germany is the import of that telegram—an imperial Germany which, by defeating France and unifying central Europe under a powerful monarchy, forced Great Britain to inaugurate that policy of alliances which was so definitely the diplomatic characteristic of more than forty years. Looking over all that happened today, one may, with some reasonableness, propose three main fields of inquiry. Why did not Great Britain make an alliance with Germany? To what results did the entente she established with France and Russia lead, both positively and negatively? To what extent was the great war the final, inevitable summing-up of those results?

Erich Brandenburg, professor of modern history at the University of Leipzig, has attempted to weigh the evidence regarding all of these queries. His book is written with so much of the true historian's realism, it correlates so many facts which cannot be explained away, that the task of translating it, which Miss Adams did not live to complete, was eminently worth

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while. Of course Brandenburg has a point of view, which may be said to lie somewhere between the words of his introduction: "It has been my endeavor to give a reliable picture of Germany's policy during the late decades before the war, founded on the facts as revealed by our archives. . . . It is as incumbent on us as on our enemies to avoid prejudices formed under the obsession of war" and his concluding words about a "deeper difficulty": "The discord which increased throughout the nineteenth century between the state frontiers as settled of old, or as established by treaty, and the principle of nationality, established with such conquering power by the French Revolution."

Germany's great blunder, according to our author, was her fatal forgetfulness of Bismarck's words of caution regarding the Triple Alliance and her acceptance of Austria-Hungary—a "state belonging to an earlier stage of development"—as an indispensable ally. The policy of the kaiser's government is viewed as often imprudent, over-anxious, given to the attempt of inculcating timidity abroad by advertising force, but not in the least desirous of war. In assigning the blame for the final outbreak of the 1914 catastrophe, Poincaré and Iswolski are denominated the chief culprits. There is certainly no doubting the sinister character of the second, whom historians now seem to be endowing with all that malignity which popular entente imagination used to shower upon the kaiser. Dr. Brandenburg's analysis of this problem is, however, considerably more temperate than the normal German treatises are. In some ways it seems fairer, though less detailed, than the prospectus issued by Harry Elmer Barnes.

Such discussion is always interesting, but the most helpful portions of the Brandenburg book are those which deal with pre-war diplomatic action. We cannot pause to review its conclusions here, and it must suffice to say that the discussion of the formation of the entente, of the Tangier and Bjorko controversies, of Russian policy, of the relations between the German and British navies, is uniformly discriminating and enlightening. The whole book is so good, despite the fact that Germany is the centre of the conversation, that one must recommend it warmly to all interested in the subject. Certainly no library catering to students of political history can afford to be without it, particularly since it supplies precisely what is lacking in such books as Hazen's Europe Since 1815. It is a tribute to British scholarship that such a book should make its appearance bearing the imprint of the Oxford University Press.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

The Life of Bishop Wilfrid, by Eddius Stephanus; text, translation and notes by B. Colgrave. London: Cambridge University Press.

THAT great prelate of the English heptarchy, Saint Wilfred, Abbot of Ripon and Bishop of York, the ever active and devoted exponent of the Roman discipline in Saxon England of the seventh century, was an architect as well as a scholar. In the early days of his bishopric he is said to have traveled over his diocese attended by a little troop of skilled masons, roofing and repairing the churches which called for attention. In other words, Bishop Wilfrid was a constructor, an adder of values material as well as spiritual to the sum total of his time.

Hence for those who turn from the so-called "modern" biography, which so often seems primarily interested in dragging down the great to a plane of mediocrity, insisting on their human frailties, sneering at their beliefs or enthusiasms, this life of Saint Wilfrid, written shortly after his death by Eddius

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Stephanus, the second "singing master in the churches of the Northumbrians," and Wilfrid's devoted follower, has a pleasant flavor of reverence. If a partisan, Eddius is a partisan honest and sincere, and out of an association of some forty years was better fitted than the average to act as the lay Boswell of his spiritual Johnson.

Whether or no one be interested in a comparison of Eddius's Latin with that of the Venerable Bede's in the latter's metrical Life of Saint Cuthbert, the clear and straightforward nature of the original narrative is well preserved in Mr. Colgrave's new English version. And as a human as well as a historical document, the Life in English has a real quality of appeal. It tells the story of the man who re-asserted the authority of the Church in so definite a manner against kings and princes that, though more than half the years of his episcopacy were spent in exile, he had triumphantly proved, when he died, worn out by the struggle, "that the Church was no mere appendage to the throne."

As Hilaire Belloc has remarked in his History of England, in connection with Saint Wilfrid's journey of evangelization to Sussex: "This missionary journey forms one of the most interesting, detailed pictures of the dark ages we possess." If it may seem that Eddius is inclined to stress the miraculous element in his account, we must remember that he was of his own age, and that all who lived in it accepted the theory of divine interposition in the everyday affairs of life. And it is part of the charm of this old biography that it takes us back to a day of simple faith and a quickened apprehension of the spiritual. An introduction which quite rightly fixes Eddius's Life as one of the best preparations the student could have "to the social and ecclesiastical history, not only of Northumbria but of other English kingdoms," and copious notes, are valuable features of this new edition of a famous work.

FREDERICK H. MARTENS.

The Scholarship of Teachers in Secondary Schools, by Edward A. Fitzpatrick and Percival W. Hutson. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

WHEN Cardinal Bellarmine was asked to teach Hebrew, a subject with which he was entirely unacquainted, he accepted the work on condition that he be given a week's start and that his pupils should not ever get ahead of him. From the facts presented in the two essays of Professor Fitzpatrick and Professor Hutson, it is abundantly clear that American high-school teachers, for the most part, have the experience of Bellarmine without always having his ability.

The first of the two essays, that of Professor Fitzpatrick, is the Sachs Prize essay for 1926; the second is presumably the next in merit. Both papers discuss the same subject—the training of teachers for the secondary schools. Professor Fitzpatrick is more popular, more discursive and encouraging. Professor Hutson is severely scientific, and bristles with tables and figures. He keeps more to a definite phase of his subject, and is not cheerful.

All secondary education was formerly of one kind. Elementary schools in theory trained for the common, universal needs and chose their subjects accordingly. University education specialized in professions. Both were controlled by external needs. Secondary education, including high school and the first years of college, centered upon the student whose intellectual powers were to be developed by studies especially adapted to that purpose. Literature as a means of self-expression was the major, with mathematics, history and some experi-

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mental sciences in college as minors. This curriculum, begun in high school, was covered in college in an advanced stage, and with additions. Into this paradise came electivism. Formerly every A. B. graduate could teach in a high school; now the high schools present hundreds of subjects. The high schools of Utah list 102 and some of these have comprehensive headings, as vocations. The number of electives in college and university is countless. A student, therefore, may have one subject in high school, another in college, another in the university, and be set to teach still another subject if he becomes an instructor. This is the fact, as shown by both professors in their essays.

The ideal solution would be to demand a liberal education for all teachers, as for lawyers and doctors and other members of professions, and then have training in the profession of teaching. California demands a year of such training for all high schools. Professor Fitzpatrick holds up the German situation as an ideal—but Germany has not 100 subjects in its secondary schools. Professor Hutson desires specialization of studies during freshman year—but who knows then whether he is to be a teacher? Neither of the essayists dwells much upon the principles involved. They accept electivism, or at least do not oppose it, and as long as that condition is rampant, there can be no preparation of teachers. Exorcise electivism from secondary schools, and with it its dark shadow, departmentalism. Both professors happily advise teachers to prepare three subjects, because, as a fact, the departmental system is not widespread, except in large cities. The essayists do not, perhaps, welcome a situation where one teacher has several cognate subjects, but the reviewer sees in it the opportunity for more teaching and training though perhaps for less imparting of information. Human beings and the personal influence of teachers upon them are greater than even encyclopaedias. All who direct high schools should have these two authoritative and highly stimulating essays at hand.

FRANCIS P. DONNELLY.

Toys; printed by W. Trier, described by O. Syffert. Berlin: Ernest Wasmuth. $2.50.

THIS little book is a masterpiece of charm. It is simple and wholesome, whimsical and serious, naïve and mature. In the introduction the author says that the book is dedicated to childrens' play, and that the pictures, not the words, must speak. The comradeship of the dissertations in their unaffected, friendly spirit accomplishes this. The imagination is sympathetically played upon, and the attention is simply and thoughtfully directed. Neither in the writing nor in the illustrations is all said, and this furnishes relief from the present-day tendency toward the hard, one-syllable analysis which so impoverishes our imaginative life.

The drawings of Toys are beautiful in line and color. They are illustrations of toys in the Saxon Museum of Folk Art, which are now in the Jaegerhof in Dresden. Those in this collection seem to have been carefully selected with a view to making a varied appeal.

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THE September issue of the American Scandinavian Review presents a particularly interesting paper on Kristina, daughter of Gustavus Adolphus, by the well-known Swedish historian Carl Grimberg. Queen Kristina, though she represents to the Swedes one of the greatest figures in their history, had so little sympathy for her people's culture and the Lutheranism of which her father had been the great champion in the Thirty Years' War, that she freely abdicated her throne, became a Catholic and passed her final years at the court of the Popes in Rome. Grimberg—who, interestingly, preserves a very cautious attitude on the religious side of his Kristina—relates an amusing incident in telling of her visit to Sweden in later life. The government was not too ready to observe its financial arrangements with her; when "the eighty-seven-year-old archbishop, heading a delegation of ministers, came and admonished her to give up her erroneous religion and lamented 'the Pope's evil plots against our souls,' Kristina retorted scornfully: 'Good gentlemen, I know the Pope better than you; he wouldn't give $4.00 for all your souls together.' "

IN THE October number of the same monthly, we encounter an interesting paragraph translated from The Daily Life in the North in the Sixteenth Century, by the Danish historian Troels Frederik Troels-Lund. Tracing the evolution of sixteenth-century furniture, he writes, in part, as follows: "The closed alcove separated itself away as a four-poster on legs. The bench by the wall, with its covered places to keep things in and to sit on, was liberated bit by bit, first as chests, later as chairs. The last piece of bench became the sofa of the eighteenth century. Well before this, the movement had affected the table, loosening first the top and letting the legs follow. It was as if life stirred in everything made of wood. While the bench continued to develop into chests, some of these seemed to rise on their hindlegs and become cupboards, then the species crossed and cupboards with table-drawers arose, larger and smaller chests of drawers. And in the meantime the paneled walls shrank down or scaled off in the form of folding screens." Is there no English or American publisher who will give us the full text of Troels-Lund in our vernacular?

THE BOOK OF THE MICROCOSM, edited in Leeds, England, by Dorothy Una Ratcliffe, is a summary of the important contributions to the quarterly, the Microcosm, now suspended. The excellence of this magazine will cause many regrets at its demise, and in the book compiled from its issues we have ample evidence of the high spirit and culture that inspired it. We note poetry by Lascelles Abercrombie, Lawrence Binyon, G. K. Chesterton, Wilfred Rowland Childe, Lord Dunsany, Harriet Monroe and William Watson. Such draftsmen and painters as Muirhead Bone, Fred E. Home and Albert Rutherston are represented. There is real charm in Dorothy Una Ratcliffe's Dale Lyric, as shown in the first stanza:

"I'll teach them merry matin' birds,
Whin-chat, wagtail an' starlin',
An' throstle, linnet, lapwing, lark,
This lilt: 'I luve thee, Darlin':
Then if thoo still has ony doubt
Whether I luve thee—why,
I'll print, 'I luve thee' in lile stars
Reet across t'girt sky!"

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. Lamb.

"There is no gainsaying my respect for the laws of my country," said Doctor Angelicus, sniffing up a pinch of Prince's Mixture, "and I have felt some sensitiveness over Mrs. Trollope's inquisitorial peepings exposed in her book, Domestic Manners of the Americans—peepings that once caused so much irritation but that have now become merely amusing commentary on days over which we no longer are sensitive. Our brother editors, humane, decent fellows for the most part, their hearts on their frayed sleeves, their hands out to the bloodiest criminal and the snow-whitest heroine, our dear thinking but thoughtless brethren, will thrill to read again Mrs. Trollope's account of the cruel events that occurred during her days in Cincinnati, 'when a murderer of uncommon atrocity was taken, tried, convicted and condemned to death. It had been shown in his trial that some years before he had murdered a wife and child at New Orleans, but little notice had been taken of it at that time. The crime which had now thrown him into the hands of justice was the recent murder of a second wife and the chief evidence against him was his own son.

" 'The day of execution was fixed, and the sensation produced was so great, from the strangeness of the occurrence (no white man having ever been executed at Cincinnati) that persons from sixty miles distant came to be present at it.

" 'Meanwhile some unco guid people began to start doubts as to the righteousness of hanging a man, and made application to the Governor of the state of Ohio, to commute the sentence into imprisonment. The Governor for some time refused to interfere with the sentence of the tribunal before which he had been tried, but, at length, frightened at the unusual situation in which he found himself, he yielded to the importunity of the Presbyterian party who had assailed him, and sent off an order to the sheriff accordingly. But this order was not to reprieve him, but to ask him if he pleased to be reprieved, and sent to the penitentiary, instead of being hanged.

" 'The sheriff waited upon the criminal and made his proposal and was answered: "If anything could make me agree to it, it would be the hope of living long enough to kill you and my dog of a son; however, I won't agree; you shall have the hanging of me."

" 'The worthy sheriff, to whom the ghastly office of executioner is assigned, said all in his power to persuade him to sign the offered document, but in vain. . . .

" 'The day of execution arrived: the place appointed was the side of a hill, the only one cleared of trees near the town: and many hours before the time fixed, we saw it entirely covered by an immense multitude of men, women and children. At length the hour arrived, the dismal cart was seen slowly mounting the hill, the noisy throng was hushed into solemn silence: the wretched criminal mounted the scaffold, when again the sheriff asked him to sign his acceptance of the commutation proposed; but he spurned the paper from him and cried aloud: "Hang me!"

" 'Mid-day was the moment appointed for cutting the rope; the sheriff stood, his watch in one hand and a knife in the other; the hand was lifted to strike, when the criminal stoutly exclaimed: "I sign," and he was conveyed back to prison amid the shouts, laughter and ribaldry of the mob.' "

* * *

"Nationality will tell in the quality of its humor," said Doctor Angelicus pausing from his reading, "and you my dear Brittanicus, will recognize the flavor of the anecdote I have

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come across in The Wandering Scholars, by Helen Waddell, in which she speaks of a distant cousin of yours, John Scotus Erigena—'one of a herd of philosophers from Hibernia' who arrived in Auxerre. 'The belated disciples of Plato, the last representative of the Greek spirit in the West, Erigena belongs to the history of philosophy, not of literature, except that every Platonist is at heart a poet.' A jester, too; 'What difference is there between sottum and Scottum?' asked his patron, Charles the Bald, one night when the board was heavy. 'Only the width of the table, Sire,' which proves that Erigena was of the race that could lose a battle or a friend to make a scholarly play on words to refute an attack. I can well understand what racial kind of cleverness it was that roused Erigena's students at Malmesbury to rise in fury and put him to death. Still, my dear Brittanicus, you must admit it was not a fair answer. They should have given him joke for joke."

"If I had a witty son," replied Brittanicus, "I should have him take intensive lessons in boxing."

"He should also be practised in sprinting, I think, my friend, in case the whole audience should fall upon him. Nevertheless, I have not heard of the murder of any of our college professors of late. Perhaps they have taken to heart Dr. Gregory's advice to his daughters, which he delivered in the manner of 1797:

" 'Wit is the most dangerous talent you can possess. It must be guarded with great discretion and good nature, otherwise it will create you many enemies.'

" 'Humor is often a great enemy to delicacy, and still a greater one to dignity of character. It may sometimes gain you applause, but it will never procure you respect.'

" 'Be even cautious in displaying your good sense. It will be thought you assume a superiority over the rest of the company. But if you happen to have any learning, keep it a profound secret, especially from the men who generally look with a jealous eye on a woman of great parts. . . .' "

"I agree with Dr. Gregory," said Britannicus, filling his pipe, "there is sex in wit and humor, although, as Madame de Staël said in her proposal of an interview with Napoleon, 'le génie ne connait pas de sexe.' The frontiers of wit and humor are not so well-defined today as in the past. I can imagine a witty Chinaman, even if I have never met one. They tell me Li Hung Chang was a famous humorist, but we can hardly call him a cousin of ours. Let us not be too insular."

—THE LIBRARIAN.

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